TIRES ACCESSORIES AUTOMOBILES TRUCKS MOTORCYCLES

Franklin

CREAM OF THE USED CAR MARKET

'33 Studebaker Coupe.... $695
'30 Chrysler 77 Roadster (DeLuxe) 1150
'29 Packard Roadster.... 1250
'29 Ree Flying Cloud Br'm 850
'28 Ree Flying Cloud Sport Coupe 750
'28 Dodge 6 Sedan 395
'23 Nash DeLuxe Coach.. 475
'23 Essex Sport Coupe.... 375
'28 Hudson Coach 395
'26 Cadillac Town Sedan.. 1250
'26 La Salle Victoria Coupe 875
'25 Packard Sedan 850
'28 Nash Spec. 6 Brougham 395
'28 Buick Sten. 6 Brougham 495
'28 Dodge Victory 6 Sedan 395
'28 Peerless 80 Sedan.... 495
'28 Essex Coach 275
'27 Willys-Knight 70 Sedan 295
'27 Essex Sedan 195
'26 Chrysler Imp. 80 Sedan 295
'25 Packard 326 Sedan... 395

CONVENIENT TERMS

Franklin Motor Car Co.
596 Commonwealth Ave.
OPEN EVENINGS Kenmore 3630

REO GOLD STANDARD OF VALUE USED CARS

Never in Our History have such Values been offered in OAKLAND and PONTIAC Cars.
'26 Packard Sedan, late model, driven only 21,000 miles, nicest, cleanest car ever in our showroom, like new $495
'28 Oakland Coach, Luxurious 295
'26 Dodge Sedan, Sedanet 375
'27 Ford Tudor 45
'28 Willys-Knight M. 56 Coach 295
'28 Whippet Spec. Cab, 4-cyl. 165
'27-27 Buick 4-Dr. Sedan.... 260
'26 Buick "48" 4-Pass. Coupe 395
'28 Studebaker Late Buick, 6 Door Sedan, very clean 350
'27 Nash 4-Door Sedan, Adv.. 235
'29 Essex Sport Coupe, Chas. 350
'28 Essex Coach 175
'28 Dodge Truck, screen side canopy, 7½ ton, low mileage, very clean..... 495

REO MOTOR CO.
of New England
USED CAR DIVISION
179 Amory St., Brookline
Cor. Centre St. & Amory St.
NEAR COTTAGE FARM BRIDGE
Regent 8084 Open Eves. Until 9
Formerly Oakland Motor Co. of New England

HUPMOBILE SIXES - CENTURY - EIGHTS

Where We

SHOW CARS!

AT

Lowest Prices in Boston

'29 6-Cyl. Hup. Sedan $675
'28 Hup. 8-Cyl. 2-Dr. Sed. 595
'27 Hupmobile Coach .. 195
'25 8-Cyl. Hupmobile Sed. 195
'28 Hup. 6-Cyl. 6-P. Cpe. 445
'28 70BWillys-K'ght Rdstr. 450
'29 8-Cyl. Hup. Coupe.. 765
'28 Graham-Paige Coupe 350
'28 Hup. 6-Cyl. 2-Dr. Sed. 465
'27 Buick 7-Pass. Sedan. 275
'23 Buick Model 50 Coupe 600

Open Every Eve'g This Week

Boston Hupmobile Co., Inc.
1055 Commonwealth Ave.
TEL. STAdium 7400

Let Us

SHOW

You Real Value

$295 AND UNDER

You'll be pleasantly surprised at their appearance and fine condition
'28 Oakland Sport Coupe $395
With rumble seat.
'29 Chevrolet 2-Dr. Sedan..... 295
'27 Ford Sedan 225
With rumble seat.
'28 Chrysler Roadster 245
With rumble seat.
'28 Essex Coach 245
Latest style.
'27 Olds Sedan 245
'28 Chrysler Sedan 245
'21 Essex 4-Dr. Sedan..... 75

Small down payments
balance easy terms
OLDS MOTOR WORKS
Division of General Motors
963-965 Commonwealth Ave.
STADIUM 8330 OPEN EVENINGS

DODGE USED TRUCKS

Buy Here and Save

'28 Dodge Screen $350
'28 Dodge Panel 300
'28 Dodge Open Exp. 315
'26 Dodge Dump 550
Reconditioned
'29 Dodge 3-Ton Stake, Dual; clean 1350
'28 G. M. C. Canopy 295
'29 Ford "A" Stake 375
'27 Graham Panel 350

Many Others—Easy Terms

MASSACHUSETTS MOTOR TRUCK COMPANY
69 North Beacon St.
ALLSTON DISTRICT
Telephone STA dium 9400

1930 CHEVROLET COACH

1930 CHEVROLET SEDAN
1930 CHEVROLET LANDAU
1929 CHEVROLET LANDAU SEDAN
1929 CHEVROLET COACH

These cars have been completely reconditioned. Spare tires, motors; many extras. Low prices. Terms and trade. Washington St., Quincy, Granite 4210. Washington St., Newton.

1929 NASH SEDAN

Very late standard six; in perfect condition; will sell for a very low price. Call Mr. Keeley, Garrison 9259.

'28 Whippet Cabriolet $149

Beautiful sport model with rumble seat and rumble seat; a real buy; terms and trade; open evenings. Stuart Chevrolet, 131 Washington St., Newton.

'29 Pontiac 2d Ser. Sed. $525

Many other Chevrolet and Pontiac Sedans. **The Healey Kimball Co. KEN more 4010**

1929 PONTIAC Sport Roadster, 2395. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067

REPOSSESSED CARS

1930 FORD COUPE $450
(Run 1000 miles.)
1930 PONTIAC SEDAN 8650
(Run 4000 miles.)
1930 ESSEX SEDAN 8690
(Run 1000 miles.)
1930 FORD SEDAN 8575
(Run 1000 miles.)
1930 NASH BROUGHAM 8675
(Run 1000 miles.)
1928 GRAHAM SEDAN 8250
1926 CHEVROLET COUPE 8165
1927 PONTIAC COUPE 8175
1928 ESSEX COUPE 8235
Rumble seat.
1928 HUDSON LANDAU SED. 8250
1926 HUDSON BROUGHAM 8175
1929 FORD TRUCK 8135
1929 FORD ½ TRUCK 8175
Dual Tires. (Run 2500 miles.)

Automobile Commission Sales Co.
2445 Washington St., Roxbury
Garrison 9259

'28 Chevrolet Coach $139

Term. From W. J. Hilbrich, KEN more 1402.

1927 CHEVROLET Sport Coupes and Coaches, $275. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 MAIN ST., WASHINGTON ST., NEWTON.

1929 and '30 FORD Sedans, Coupes and Sport Coupes, $300 to $350. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

1927 Essex Coach $75

Thoroughly reconditioned; very good Mr. Harris, Belmont 2934.

1930 CHEVROLET Sedans under Coupes $295 to $325. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

'28 Paige 6e Lux Coupe $300

Term. From W. J. Hilbrich, KEN more 1402.

1927 CHEVROLET Sport Coupes and Coaches, $275. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

ESSEX 1929 Coupe, excellent condition throughout, $375; low mileage. $3.50 weekly. Write Boston American M-46.

MILLER GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

MILLER: Geared to the Road Tires:

Prices are now the lowest in the history of the tire industry.® We advise you to purchase your spring requirements at once, as we do not know how long these low prices will prevail.

Come in and get our prices on Miller Geared-to-the-Road Tires before ordering from competitive companies or mail order houses.

The manufacturer guarantees this tire to outwear any other tire of equal price when run under the same conditions.

—SERVICE—
Tires mounted, tubes repaired and changed, without charge.

—BATTERIES—
EXIDE SERVICE STATION
Battery Charging

GEORGE W. McLAREN
Com. 4319
Ken. 2735 331 COLUMBUS AVE., BOSTON

GARAGES

CUSTOM BUILT BY

GROSSMAN

When you get your garage Custom Built by Grossman you are assured of the very highest quality material throughout at a genuine price saving. For we are the largest dealers in Lumber and Building Materials in New England and their volume buying means lower price to you.

TWO CAR WOOD 10x18 **$300**

Custom constructed on your premises to conform to your property.

Easy Monthly Payments If Desired
Terms Made to Suit You

L. GROSSMAN SONS
Largest Lumber and Building Material Dealers in New England
130 GRANITE ST., QUINCY, MASS.
President 2100

WHITTREDGE GARAGES

Fireproof—MADE OF METAL

Looks Like the Picture

Special January Prices and Terms
Ask for Catalog

Telephone
EVerett 1870 Sales Manager
GRAnite 3271 BROokline 3110 Factory
Evenings Jackson 2128-M

Whittredge Portable Bldgs. Co.
972 Broad St., West Lynn, Mass.

Honest Repossessed Cars

A few times yearly we can offer the public or dealers exceptionally honest values like the following:—
'30 Hudson Custom Landau Sed. $1350
'30 Essex Chall. Coach 380
'29 Chev. Cpe., Coupe 321
'29 Chev. Cpe., Rumble 291
'29 Chev. Coach 283
'29 Pontiac Coach 325
'28 Pontiac Coach 291
We are positively not auto dealers, but have to offer cars back for default of payment. Will trade or give terms.
PUBLIX FINANCE CORP.
457 Stuart St., cor. Dartmouth, Com. 6530. Mr. Holz.

PEERLESS QUALITY

In a high-grade used car is a much better buy than a cheap new one. Our Peerless used cars are quality cars.

'30 Peerless 6 Sedan....$885
'30 Peerless St. 8 Sedan..1285
'29 Peerless 6 Coupe.... 735
'29 Peerless 6 Vict. Coupe 845
'28 Peerless 8 Sedan.... 875
'28 Peerless 6 Sedan.... 495
'27 Peerless 6 Sedan, 7-P. 395
'26 Peerless 6 Sedan.... 225
'25 Peerless 6 Coupe.... 95

Also Buick, Chevrolet, Nash, Chrysler, and many others to choose from, priced $50 to $750.

NEW SERVICE STATION RATES
LOWEST IN BOSTON

J. C. HARVEY
Peerless and Austin Distributor
971 Commonwealth Ave.
Stadium 7440

COLUMBIA CHEVROLET

We have the finest stock of used Chevrolets and miscellaneous makes to be found anywhere at our low prices. These may be bought for cash or terms as you desire. Included in this stock are:

'29 Chevrolet Coach $325
'29 Dodge Senior 6 Sedan.. 595
'29 Ford Spt. Coupe..... 325

And many others equally as desirable.

All these cars carry our O. K. that means guarantee. They can be bought on time payments. Your old car taken in trade and allowance applied almost down payment.

Can be seen and demonstrated at the Barn where prices are lowest and values highest.

THE BARN — 767 Dudley St.
Dorchester at Upham's Corner
Geneva 8300

Prices Cut ½

Indians—Hendersons
and Harley Davidsons
Send for our latest list.

Walker-Indian Co.
1309 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.
OPEN EVENINGS
Round the Corner from Fenway Park
SEE OUR BOOTH 429 AT AUTOMOBILE SHOW

DODGE

KENMORE BRANCH

SHOW WEEK BARGAINS

Shrewd buyers will profit in any selection here

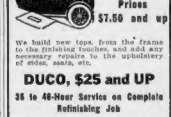
DODGE
5-Pass. 4-Door D-A SEDAN
Have $615
Cost New $1200
$585

DODGE CARS
Your choice
$150
1927 Sedan $225
1926 Sedan 225
1927 Coupe 225
MANY OTHERS

'30 Plymouth Sedan
4-door 5-Pass. Yours now at big saving. Was $535. Now **$385**

'30 Dodge "8" Sedan.....$875
'30 Dodge Sedan 785
'28 Buick Coach 295
'29 Chevrolet Rdstr.... 295
'29 Ford Roadster 250
'28 Graham Brothers Sedan 375
'29 Hudson Sedan 445
'25 Packard Sedan 195
'28 Essex Coach 195
'25 Cadillac 4-Pass. Coupe 195
Terms as Low as $2 a Week
Open Evenings

MASSACHUSETTS DODGE COMPANY
Dodge Distributors
One of the World's Pioneer Auto Dealers—Established 1900
700 Commonwealth Avenue
Open Quarrington St., Commonwealth 2732



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SEDAN TOP TOPS
For This Month Only
Prices
$7.50 and up

We build new tops, from the frame to the finish; save materials and all necessary repairs to the upholstery of mine, much, etc.

DUCO, $25 and UP
35 to 48-Hour Service on Complete Refinishing Job

GENUINE DUCO USED ON ALL WORK
Glass for sedan windows, all sizes, $1. Installed; side covers, $10 to $25, installed; all kinds of upholstering.

BODY, FENDER and WOODWORK
Chromium and nickel plating. Touch-up work at reasonable prices. Wool and mohair for seats, etc.

COMMONWEALTH TOP & BODY CO.
82 BROOKLINE AVE., BOSTON
Opposite Fenway Ball Park
Open Evenings Tel. Kenmore 2322

'29 Chevrolet Coach $295

This car is in all accessories, one open evenings; terms and trade. MIHART CHEVROLET, 481 WASHINGTON ST., NEWTON.

Autos Wanted—Cash Paid

CAPITAL MOTOR CAR CO., 1 Brighton Ave. Allenquin 3855. Open evenings until 9.

ORTH '27 BUICK SEDAN, 7-Passenger; one owner; car for sale. Thoroughly reconditioned. Price $395. Chevrolet Dealer, **ARLINGTON** 126 Mass. Ave. Ark. 5600.

1929 CHEVROLET Sedan and Coaches $325 to $400. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

1929 CHEVROLET Coupes, excellent condition throughout, $250 cash, balance $3.50 weekly. Write Boston American M-46.

Noyes Buick

VALUES GREATEST IN A DECADE

Economies have been effected by Noyes Buick through more efficient management . . . from less operating expense . . . from greater volume of sales during 1930 . . . and from cash buying.

These savings are passed on to purchasers. Prices are 20% less than a year ago, and 25% to 75% under the original cost.

Show-Week Specials

1929 BUICK SEDAN
Model 6-41. Condition of car throughout is comparable to new. Car is finished in dark green with natural wood wheels. All bright parts chromium plated. Cost new $1825.
Value—$950 **Our Price—$650**

1930 VIKING "8" SEDAN
Driven 3500 miles; equipped with 4 wire wheels and folding trunk gang carrier. Cost new $1950.
Value—$1350 **Our Price—$1090**

1930 BUICK ROADSTER
99 H. P. engine. Tastefully finished in tan and maroon. Looks like but a fraction of its potential mileage. Another example of what the January dollar will buy.
Value—$1200 **Our Price—$1000**

1929 STUDEBAKER SEDAN
President "8" 5 passenger, finished in dark maroon, chrome plated, mechanically checked and ready to go.
Value—$895 **Our Price—$765**

1929 BUICK SPORT PHAETON
Model 6-55 90-horsepower. Color motif is silver and burgundy. Equipped with 6 wire wheels, 6 spotlights, tonneau windshield, wind deflectors and trunk. Cost new $2695.
Value—$1650 **Our Price—$1200**

1929 PACKARD "8" SEDAN
Model 6-58 seven passenger. Car is sportingly clean inside and out; low mileage. Cost new $2888.
Value—$1250 **Our Price—$1000**

Nearly 100 Other
MODERATELY PRICED
QUALITY CARS

A small sum down to our own Finance Department . . . balance spread over a period of months . . . *pay out of income as you pay rent.*

Open Every Evening This Week

859 COMMONWEALTH AVENUE STADIUM 3600

HAYWARD MOTORS Inc

Ford

1019-1029
Commonwealth Ave.
Stadium 3400

FORDS

'30 ROADSTER ... $425
'30 TUDOR 450
'30 TOWN SEDAN.. 575
'29 TUDOR 325
'29 ROADSTER .. 265
'29 SPORT COUPE . 350
'28 FORDOR 300

Every car inspected and tested. YOUR PRESENT CAR ACCEPTED IN TRADE
OPEN EVENINGS UNTIL 9 P. M.
Liberal U. C. C. Terms

FREE STORAGE TILL SPRING
95 Late Model Used Cars
Of all makes must be sold for balance due on unpaid notes. Prices ranging from $50 to $250.
TRADE OR TRADE
CENTRAL AUTO SALES, Inc.
1019 Comm. Ave., Allston
PORTER 4283 ALWAYS OPEN

50 CARS WANTED

Highest prices paid. Call or write 1232 Tremont St., Roxbury, 1st. Garrison 8433

FORD 1929 Coupe, excellent condition throughout, $200, $50 cash, balance $3.50 weekly. Write Boston American D-47.

CHEVROLET 1928 Sedan, excellent condition throughout, $200, $50 cash, balance $3.50 weekly. Write Boston American Y-34.

'29 RUPP De Luxe Sedan, $750. Finance Co., ASPinwall 8626.

NASH

A Registered Trade Mark

Distinctly commits the company using it to a high standard of merchandising.

It is the symbol to used car buyers of good will and good faith.

IT IS YOUR SIGN OF FAIR TREATMENT

—In conjunction with a sensational display of NEW NASH CARS AT THE BOSTON AUTO SHOW —We are featuring a splendid assortment of various makes at our

USED CAR DISPLAY

630 Commonwealth Ave.

1930 NASH 4-Door, 5-Pass., Twin Ignition, 8 Sedan. Beautiful new appearance. Ebony and Ivory Duco combination finish. Car driven 6500 miles. Tires, upholstery, equipment and body finish show benefit of good care. Rides and handles wonderfully. Guaranteed **$1250**

'30 Nash 7-Pass. Sedan, Twin Ignition 8, Royal equipment; 6 natural wood wheels; trunk rack; other extras; $1950 cost new $2540.; **$1350**

'29 Nash Ambassador .. $900
'29 Nash 7 Pass. Sedan. 950

'30 Nash Ambassador 8 cylinder, 4-Door, 5-Pass. Sedan, with built-in trunk; full equipment. Cost $2294 ..... **$1350**

'29 Nash Twin Ign. 6 Sed. $775
'29 Nash Spec. 6 Sedan. 645

Miscellaneous Makes

'28 Buick Brougham $1150
'27 Buick Coach, B. S. 295
'27 Buick 7-Pass. Sedan..... 400
'26 Chrysler "72" Rdst.... 295
'26 Dodge Sedan 295
'30 Essex Brougham (Late)... 450
'29 Essex Coach (Late)..... 450
'29 Graham-Paige 621 Sedan 9675
'29 Hudson Sedan 495
'28 LaSalle Sed., Royal Equip. 675
'28 LaSalle Cab. Royal Equip. 795
'29 Packard Phae'n 1150
'28 Packard 443 Club..... 1065
'28 Pierce-Arrow 80 Coach.... 475
'25 Buick Brougham $110
'26 Chrysler 58 Coach..... 75
'26 Chrysler 58 Sedan..... 125
'27 Chrysler 50 Coupe..... 175
'23 Dodge Coupe 25
'26 Hudson Touring 100
'26 Olds Coach 85
'26 Nash Adv. 6 Coach..... 50
'26 Nash Rdstr., R. S. 85
'25 Ford Coupe 40

Many Others, Convenient Payments

NASH NEW ENGLAND COMPANY

OPEN EVENINGS **630** Used Car Department COMMONWEALTH AVE.
KEN more 1403-1404-1405

WALKER INDIAN

THESE ARE OUR PRICES

NOW— MAKE US AN OFFER

'28 Ree Wolverine Sedan ..$300
'29 Essex Sedan 275
'28 Paige 75 Sedan 195
'28 Nash Sedan, Advance 6 325
'27 Paige 95 Sedan 150
'26 Graham-Paige Sedan, 6-10 300
'26 Chrysler 80 Sedan 195
'26 Essex Sedan 125
'26 Jewett Coach 105
'29 Ford Coupe 200
'29 Graham Sedan, 6-12 400
'25 Graham-Paige Sedan, 6-14 325
'25 Graham-Paige Sedan, 6-19 335
'28 Paige 6-48 Sedan 153
'29 Graham-Paige Coupe, 6-10 250

Liberal terms will be extended

WALKER-INDIAN CO.
1309 BOYLSTON ST.
Round the Corner from Fenway Park
OPEN EVENINGS

'29 Chevrolet Sed. Del. $345

Completely reconditioned, refinished; new tires; exceptionally fine car right condition; work open evenings; terms and trade. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

Automobile Trucks

'29 Chevrolet ½ Ton Truck $345

Open cab; new enclosed body. Reconditioned throughout. Open evenings. Terms and trade. Stuart Chevrolet, 131 Washington St., Newton.

1929 Chevrolet Truck

1½ ton; 2 speed axle; panel body; new paint; new tires; genuine line-drive.

MACK truck, 5 ton, 6 new pneumatic tires. 17 Ipswich St., Boston.

Motorcycles—Bicycles

USED MOTORCYCLES, ⅓ price; send for bulletin. Walker Indian Co., 1309 Boylston St.

We Will Give $100

For your present car, regardless of year, make or condition, in trade towards any used car we have in stock over $200.

We don't care what your car looks like or how bad it is running as we can run it in. We will deliver your Used Car Purchase and bring your old car in for you. Our terms are exceptionally easy and, remember, your old car is worth $100 towards the down payment.

Many Model A Fords, Chryslers, Buicks, Nashes, Studebakers, Reos, Jordans, Hudsons, Oldsmobiles, Pontiacs, Hupmobiles, Whippets, Chevrolet, Marmons, Graham-Paiges, La Salle, Stutzbaker, Packards, Cadillac, Gardner, and all other makes to choose from. All styles, all types; all priced for quick sale.

C. E. Fay Company
Distributors Chrysler Motor Cars
750 Commonwealth Ave., Boston
Phone Aspinwall 4512
OPEN EVENINGS

1927 and '28 CHEVROLET Coupes, Sedans and Coaches, $100 to $235. STANLEY, HARLOW CHEVROLET CORP., 340 Main St., Charlestown 0067.

Automobile Insurance

COMPULSORY INSURANCE

$5 DOWN
FREE PLATE SERVICE
BALANCE & MONTHLY PAYMENTS
INSURANCE BUDGET PLAN, Inc.
185 Devonshire St. Tel. Hub. 1016
620 Commonwealth Ave.
Open evenings and Sat. afternoons

$3 DOWN. BALANCE EASY PAYMENTS
ROBERT LAVINE
ROOM 725
294 Washington St. HAN. 5778

Help Wanted—Female

5 LADIES

Prominent positions with possibilities for advancement. Must be over 26; neat, refined and of highest character. Hours 9 A. M. to 5:30 P. M.

NO WORK SATURDAY

Experience not essential as all applicants will be thoroughly trained. Appointments will be made only after personal interview on Monday morning only; between 9 and 10 A. M. Apply Miss CHARIS, 150 Boylston St., Boston Store 614.

REGISTER at once, for Gregg short hand class. Coeducational. Jordan Secretarial School, Hotel Lenox, 710 Huntington Ave.; Kenmore 0496.

SHARP, experienced woman, 28 years or over, direct selling position, good pay. No Dress Current Line. Little Bldg.

SELL highest quality hosiery, lingerie, hat, vanity case. Earn $50 weekly. Extra $36 50 first day. Outfit and newest styles absolutely free. Experience unnecessary. World's Star, 2002 Lake St., Bay City, Mich.

SELL 3 dresses for $3.95. Quickly earn $30. $50 weekly. 120 styles; advance, fall, spring styles. Experience unnecessary. Start now. Write for outfit. Harford Frocks, 541 Noble St., Indianapolis, Ind.

WOMEN—Make real money this year; new idea sanitary necessity; sells on sight. Everybody buys and repeats. Two sales daily pet you $75 weekly; no experience or capital required. Quick, sure money. Dawson, D-103, Middlefield, Ct.

$15 DAILY and free dresses. Sell lovely frocks to your friends. Amazing values, stunning models, outstanding styles. Quick sales. Generous commissions. Outfit free. Mahlock Frocks, Dept. 380, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Help Wanted—Female

$14 DAILY showing Charming Sedan Frocks, latest exclusive styles. 3 for $5.95 up. Quick, easy sales. No experience. Outfit free. L. Y. Sedler Co., Inc. Dept. A-864, Cincinnati, O.

Help Wanted—Male

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 14th
Mr. X., $30
Mr. L., $25
Mr. S., $15
Money talks for our salesmen. Room for 5 more; applications will be received by mail only. Write Boston American, Box B-47.

CARPENTERS

I WILL employ carpenters to come for you to build. Mr. Doyle, Middleton 76th.

ELECTRICIANS

Instructor; Electrical license; correspondence. Kenelon Trade School, 30 Cambridge St., Boston.

WANTED—EXPERIENCED ASSISTANT CUTTER

On silk dresses; good wages. Write Boston Sunday Advertiser, Box C-47.

WANTED—Salesmen, agents, who sell for cash to retail, stores; 1-gallon can in various parts of N. E.; demand corn cobbing, pay corn confectionery, candy specialties, raised dish potato chips cooked and roasted by us; may be handled with other lines. Write or call for interview. MILLER POP CORN CO., 396 Moody St., Waltham, Mass.; tel. 1965; tel. Waltham 3021.

Help Wanted—Male

MEN

A Real Opportunity

For you in the Sales Department of BUCKLEY AND SCOTT UTILITIES, INC. Westinghouse distributors. We are expanding our force now and organizing for 1931 business. When we will need a number of

SUPERVISORS

Men who enter our Sales Organization and prove their worth NOW will be rewarded with advanced positions early this year. Get into this Westinghouse distributing organization and be trained and ready to cash in with us on the upswing.

ADVERTISING

and Sales Promotion campaign about to start. We want high calibre men with the ability to sell the finest Electric Refrigerator on the Market. Previous refrigeration experience not necessary, as you will be trained by factory men. Intelligence, enthusiasm and a willingness to work will mean a good position in pleasant, money-making work.

Call from 9 A. M. to 5 P. M. Monday or Tuesday and ask to see Mr. Downing, or phone KENmore 3446.

Help Wanted—Male

SALESMEN—An opportunity to connect with one of the leading stores in your vicinity on a profitable basis. Write Utilities Corp., Woodlawn Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS—Learn barbering and moderate terms. Only 8 weeks; positions assured; day-evening. Vaughn's System, 1064 Washington St., near Dover.

WANTED—Men of sales ability to sell our complete line of advertising specialties, novelties, man, new and advanced ideas; experience helpful but not essential; our method of assistance will help you to satisfactory earnings; drawing account and weekly; route established 20 years, write for full interview, giving age, experience and references. The Broderick Co., St Paul, Minn.

Situations Wanted—Female

NURSE—Registered; maternity; experienced of work to support children; maternity cases, etc. Nurse, Box 26, Alston, Mass.

Sewing Machines

ELECTRIC, singer, on base table, $75 if bought now. 385 Main St., Cambridge.

Agents—Salesmen

$2 TO $10 hourly demonstrating amazing new Quick Finger Nail Polish. Dries instantly; no chipping; no broken glass. Keeps nails beautiful. Sample and terms free. Big profits; no competition; quick demonstrator sells several to each customer. Write today. Quick Nail Polish Co., 1000 East Ninth Street, Kansas City, Mo.

$15 DAILY EASY—Stranger invention sharpens razor blades with magnet. Gives 6 months' shaves from 5 blades. Sells on 60 free sample offer. Answer this ad—get free sample offer with complete sell-ing outfit. Sharp Co., 319W 35th, Dept. 2118-B, New York.

Agents—Salesmen

TAILORING SALESMEN

Simpson offers 1924% increased commission, new low prices, free suits and extra bonus to producers. Big line fabrics and styles. Write J. B. Simpson, Dept. 911, 5459 Adams, Chicago.

LEADING TAILORING FIRM
Now in your locality, all $19.95, your profit $3 in advance; make many high repeat, booked up $25,000 guarantee, choice of territory, sell on sight, sent FREE; nine sample suit for producers. Mastercraft, Dept. A-6-31 871 Division, N. Y. C.

TAILORING SALESMEN
New money maker; get this wonder value clothing line. Large assortment. Big repeat profits. Catalog free. Mission Factory 32, 3236 W. Grand, Chicago.

CONDENSED WINEGRAPE JUICE—Bonded product; sells on sight; year round; get in on big money; exclusive territory. Universal Products Co., 327 Main, San Antonio, Tex.

EXCELLENT opportunity makes $100 weekly; sell new 1931 line; non-spillable, non-breakable ink bottle; advertising pencil; check; every business concern prospect. Sample free. Ritepoint, Inc., Dept. 1, Chicago.

FREE TAILORED SHIRTS OR NECKWEAR to every customer. Big daily commissions. Experience unnecessary. Write today for new free spring outfit of shirts, neckwear, underwear, hosiery, pajamas. Madison Shirt Co., 503 Broadway, New York.

GIVE AWAY free razor blades. Amazing guaranteed device makes them good for 30 days' average shaves. 125% profit. $6-$16 daily income. No competition. Free sample offer. Shave King Corp., 118, 1390 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

PHARMACEUTICAL—Experienced, to sell city doctors and vicinity general line of standardized products; must have established business; commission basis; bond required; give experience, age and references. Box C-43, Sunday Advertiser.

Agents—Salesmen

$1 AN HOUR spare time; summer or quick sale; house to house; send $1 and we will send you 10 tons of Coal Tickle; sell at 5c each; "A Meal in Itself." Nelson Coal Co., corner Broadway and Mystic St., Waltham, Mass.

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CALIFORNIA perfumed bonds selling like hot cakes; agents getting 100% profits. Catalog free. Mission Factory 32, 3236 W. Grand, Lee Laboratories, Chicago.

CONDENSED WINEGRAPE JUICE—Bonded product; sells on sight; year round; get in on big money; exclusive territory. Universal Products Co., 327 Main, San Antonio, Tex.

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Sunday, Jan. 18, 1931

Newest Discoveries at Knossos

A Knossos Bull-Ring Fresco Showing a Girl, Perhaps a Fashionable Flapper, Clutching the Bull's Horns and About to Somersault Over Its Back, While Another Girl Has Half Completed the Dangerous Feat, and a Third Girl Waits With Arms Extended to Catch Her.

Wall Paintings Found in an Ancient Palace on the Island of Crete, Which Show Fashionable Young Ladies of 4000 Years Ago Taking Part in Dangerous Sports, and Women of Social Position "Showing Off" Quite as They Do Today

A Group of Gossiping Fashionable Ladies Discussing the Latest Minoan Scandal 4000 Years Ago, and Paying No Attention Whatever to What Was Going On in the Bull-Ring. From the Knossos Frescoes.

THAT human nature has not changed very much in the last 4000 years is interestingly revealed by new discoveries among the ruins of ancient Knossos, on the island of Crete, which is in the Mediterranean Sea just off the Grecian peninsula.

Knossos was the home of the fabled Minotaur, the half-bull and half-man, which Theseus, the Greek hero, killed in the maze of subterranean passages which was its den. Its people were a highly cultured, artistic and powerful race in the days of the first Pharaohs. The excavations in the royal palace of Knossos are probably the most important work of their kind being done today, and are under the direction of Sir Arthur Evans, the distinguished English archeologist.

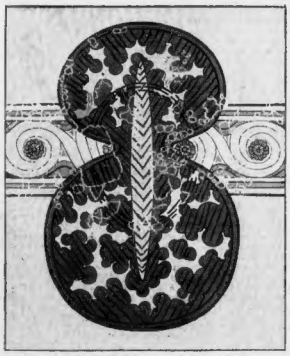
The Minotaur never existed, of course. But the bull was the sacred animal of the ancient Cretans, or Minoans as they were called. They had a singular form of bull-fighting, which, unlike the Spanish "sport" which has descended from it, entailed no danger to the bulls, but a great deal of peril to those who met the animals in the arena. It was the memory of this pastime which, after the Minoan civilization had been destroyed by a succession of great earthquakes and subsequent invasion, gave rise to the Minotaur legend.

A recently uncovered fresco in the royal palace shows one of these entertainments. Girls and young men took part alike. The idea was to turn somersaults over the bull's back without being killed. They would meet the charging animal, grip its horns and, taking advantage of the upward toss of the head, would catapult themselves down over its tail. Obviously, only the greatest agility could keep the bull from goring them as they sprang up on the horns, or from charging upon them as they alighted.

Sir Arthur Evans in his third volume of "The Palace of Minos," just published by Macmillan and Company, shows this picture, and says that the fashionable Minoan girls were always ready "to exchange their gay jackets and flounced skirts for boys' loin cloths and to step down into the bull-ring to take their part in the performances." This is exactly in line with the custom of fashionable young women of today, who put on the aviator's helmet and compete with men in quite as dangerous sports as the old Cretan bull-ring afforded.

Amusing evidence of the modernness of these ancient Cretan women is in an elaborate fresco which shows the spectators at one of these bull-baitings. The picture of the arena itself has been destroyed, but the part showing the enclosure of the fashionable women—which corresponded to the "Diamond Horseshoe" of New York's Metropolitan Opera House of today—is still intact, as are the tiers of seats occupied by the "common people."

The old artist has shown the Minoan "common people" as enthusiastically absorbed in what is going on as are the "bleacherites" at an American ball game. But the women of fashion are paying not the slightest attention to the arena, and are gossiping among themselves and "showing off" precisely as it has often been complained the fashionable modern women do in their boxes at the grand opera. Almost as up-to-date are their coiffures, with their hair twisted around with strings of beads and jewels, while their sleeves are puffed, and the tight girdles and flounced skirts equally recall quite modern fashions. Sir Arthur dwells amusingly upon the detachment of these ladies from "the performances of which they were clearly supposed to be spectators," and notes that they "seem to be only concerned with themselves and their coterie."



One of the Curious Shield Decorations of the Knossos Palace Frescoes.

Part of the Design on an Elaborately Inlaid Dagger Blade, Which May Have Been a Bull-Ring Prize.

Illustrations from "The Palace of Minos," by Sir Arthur Evans, Published by Macmillan and Company, London.

Close to this fresco was found a remarkable example of inlaid metal work, comparable to the best similar work of the Renaissance. It was the blade of a dagger, perhaps a prize for the bull-jumpers, and shows a hunting cat bringing down water fowl, precisely as the cheetah is used today in India to hunt game. The river is indicated by the fish swimming in it, and the inlay is silver and gold upon bronze, with the background filled in by a black alloy.

Beautiful decorations of the odd "Figure 8" shields used by the Minoans were found in the palace, an example of one of which is given here. Other evidence of the curious customs of this long-lost civilization and of their religious faith were discovered, and will be discussed in another article.

(To Be Concluded Next Sunday)

May Send the Bust of King Tut's Mother-in-Law Back to Egypt

The Treasured Portrait Bust of Queen Nefertiti, Which Has Reposed in the Berlin Museum Since 1912 and May Now Be Sent Back to Egypt.

On the Left Is Shown a Portrait Statue of Ranofer, the Chief Priest of Memphis, and Below, a Cross-legged Figure of Amenhotep, Which Will Be Among the Objects Sent by Egypt to Germany in Exchange for the Nefertiti Relic.

It is announced that Germany has again entered into negotiations with a view to returning the ancient and beautiful bust of Queen Nefertiti, perhaps the finest of all Egyptian works of art, to the Cairo Museum. This bust has been the chief ornament of the Egyptian section of the Berlin Museum since before the World War.

After refusing repeated requests for the return of this national treasure to Egypt, it is understood that Germany has at last agreed to the justice of the Egyptian claim and will give the bust up in return for certain ancient Egyptian relics of less value.

When it was first announced some time ago that the interesting bust was to be returned to Cairo, thousands of art lovers flocked to the museum to have a last look at the priceless work of art.

Many of the country's leading newspapers carried news stories and editorials deploring the action of the Minister of Education in virtually agreeing to give the statue back to Egypt in return for two other very old works of Egyptian art—portrait statues of Ranofer, chief priest of Memphis, and Amenhotep.

That the Minister's decision to give back the bust of the mother-in-law of King Tutankhamen came after more than ten years of diplomatic controversy with officials of the Egyptian Government made little difference to the thousands of art lovers in Germany who believe that the relic is the Berlin Museum's property because it was discovered by Dr. Burchardt, a celebrated German archaeologist.

A few days before the bust was to have been crated and started on its way to Cairo by special messenger, the almost completed negotiations came to a sudden end with the announcement of the Minister of Education that Germany was to retain the work of art, after all, and that the likeness of the wife of an ancient Pharaoh would not be given back.

The parleys have been held intermittently ever since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles. It is learnt that the exchange of views reached a stage of personal friction, and that the German envoys, being angered, perhaps, by the oft-repeated insinuation that Dr. Burchardt had no right to remove the bust from the ruins of the city of Tel-el-Amarna and that he virtually stole something that always belonged to Egypt and always should, for a time refused to continue the discussions.

It is generally supposed that the influence of the Director-General of the State Museum was the real cause of the interruption of the negotiations between Germany and Egypt, for he has, ever since Egypt offered the two statues in exchange for the Nefertiti bust, maintained that the likeness of the Queen is worth a dozen other works of Egyptian art, however old.

Apparently his insistence on this point almost persuaded the Minister of Education that Germany should not relinquish the relic that has been the most popular exhibit in the Berlin Museum since it was first placed on public view there soon after the signing of the armistice. For, in his statement to the press that Germany would keep the rare piece of sculpture, he said: "Such enrichment as the two statues offered us must not be purchased at the price of losing a work like the Nefertiti, which is of fascinating modern appeal."

Soon after his coronation as King of Egypt, Fuad took a personal hand in the long diplomatic struggle to induce Germany to return the work of art one of its scientists "found" in Egypt, and very nearly succeeded in convincing the directors of the Berlin museum that they should relinquish all claims to the relic. He made a visit to Berlin and spent many hours explaining how highly the bust was prized by his countrymen, and that they were quite willing to sacrifice two other valuable statues in order to have it back on Egyptian soil.

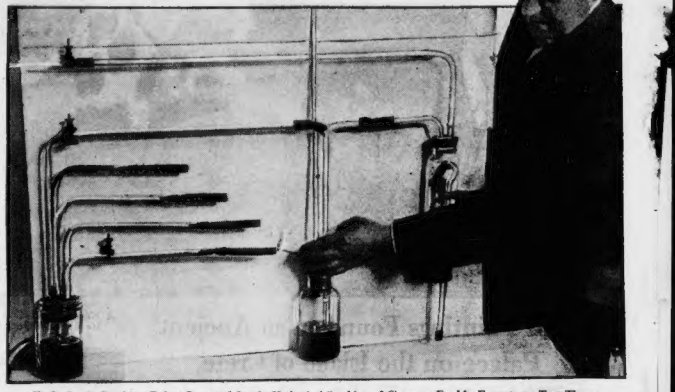
It was a short time before the outbreak of the World War that a German archaeologist, by the name of Burchardt, visited Egypt and returned home with the bust of Nefertiti. Just how he happened to acquire this famous portrait statue is not known, but it is assumed that he got it from the ruins of Tel-el-Amarna.

Fearing, perhaps, that he would not be permitted to take his find from the country, he did not report its discovery to the officials of the Egyptian Government, but deposited the relic with the directors of the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, in Berlin, who did not announce their acquisition until after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles.

As soon as it was known that the bust was in a German museum, Egypt demanded its return, virtually accusing Burchardt of stealing it.

Queen Nefertiti, according to Egyptian history, married Prince Amenhotep, who later ascended to the throne of the Pharaohs as King Akhnaton. She was beloved and admired for her ravishing beauty and her devotion to her husband and their six daughters.

She was the essence of beauty, spirituality and kindness. She represented power, humility and domesticity. That's why her memory has been revered, and why Egypt is so eager to have the stone likeness of her back in the land in which she was "first lady" 3,500 years ago.



Uncle Sam's Smoking Robot, Invented for the Mechanical Smoking of Cigars to Enable Experts to Test Them.

Test Machine That Smokes Cigars

IN order that the cigar-smoking citizens of the country may get as much enjoyment as possible out of their perfectos, panatellas and stogies, Uncle Sam constantly tests samples of the cigars that are sold in tobacco shops from coast to coast and from Canada to the Gulf.

He does not employ human smokers to do this scientific testing but depends upon a cigar-smoking robot that smokes four cigars at a time and does a better job than the most fastidious connoisseur of after-dinner perfectos could possibly do.

The mechanical device, which was perfected by Dr. W. W. Garner, physiologist in charge of tobacco and plant nutrition, and his fellow scientists in the Department of Agriculture, is a simple but ingenious arrangement of three bottles partly filled with water, pieces of glass and rubber tubing. Water pressure from an ordinary faucet is the motive power of the interesting and efficient automaton. The ends of the four rubber tubes in which the cigars are placed serve as lips and the system of tubes and bottles simulates the action of the mouth and lungs of the human smoker.

When the scientists have fixed four cigars in the rubber lips of the machine, the faucet is turned on to create suction by means of water pressure. The cigars are lighted and the regular, rhythmic pull of the device causes the tobacco to burn in much the same way it would if the cigars were being smoked by four men enjoying a friendly chat at their club.

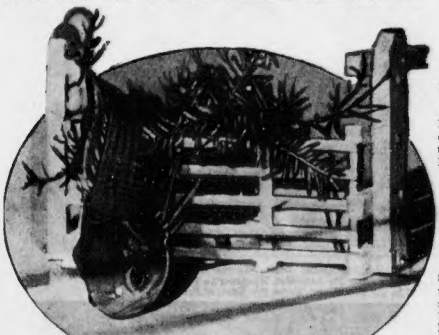
The mechanical smoker enables government scientists to learn much about the various types and brands of cigars that Americans smoke. It tells them with unerring accuracy which cigars are so well made that they burn evenly. It tells them a great deal about the quality of the tobacco in the cigars by the color and consistency of the ash. A well-made cigar of good, properly cured tobacco always burns evenly and holds its ash long and well.

Uncle Sam's smoking robot has proved to be a good friend not only of millions of smokers but of tobacco growers and cigar manufacturers as well, for by exhaustive tests with the machine, the scientists have been able to suggest to growers and manufacturers exactly which kind of tobacco makes the best filler, binder and wrapper, how long tobacco should be cured and how cigars should be wrapped to hold the aroma and freshness that most smokers demand of their favorite brands.

Of all the devices that the Government uses to test the foods we eat, the beverages we drink, the medicines we take when we're sick and the tobacco we burn when we smoke, few of them are simple in construction and as efficient in operation as this machine conceived and built by one of the Department of Agriculture's own scientists.

The cost of operating the smoking robot is practically nothing and it seldom needs any adjusting or repairing because there is nothing much about it to get out of order. Occasionally the tubes and bottles are cleaned and new rubber mouthpieces are fitted to the ends of the tubes to keep it in perfect working order.

Walking Fish That Provide a Puzzle for Science



One of the Walking Fish Starting Out for a Stroll. The Fish Is a Native of Egypt, India and the South Seas, and Is Called the Anabas Scandes.

VISITORS to an exposition recently held in Chicago, were amazed at the antics of four little fish that were as much at home out of water as in it. Not only could these creatures live out of water—they literally walked up and down a tiny runway built especially for them, and climbed over hurdles with the help of their fins.

These fish, the property of a Toronto, Canada, hotel owner, were brought from the South Seas, and have been identified by zoologists as members of the species Anabas Scandes. Scientists admit, however, that the walking fish are almost as much of a mystery to them as they were to thousands of visitors to the Chicago exposition, who hardly could believe their eyes when they actually saw fish walking on dry land.

Zoologists who have studied the curious fish, admit that they do not know how old they are, whether they have attained their full growth or how long it will be possible to keep them alive out of their natural habitat. They do know that certain species of walking fish are found not only in the South Seas, but in Egypt and India.

Amazing stories of the ability of these fish to live out of water and to travel on dry land come from Egypt. It is said that when streams in which they live dry up in the heat of the tropic sun, the fish start on a pilgrimage to the nearest body of water, and seem to have an uncanny sense of direction. Natives who have observed whole schools of these amphibious creatures hobbling awkwardly over the sand on their fins, declare that the fish have traversed as much as eighteen miles of desert before finding another stream, and that they seemed little the worse for their long journey.

The Anabas Scandes are not the only fish that can spend much of their lives out of water, for scientists have long marveled at the creature known as the Bemmi Fish. This creature is even more at home on land than the Anabas Scandes, and often climbs on rocks and tree trunks to "take the air." So far as is known, this species of walking fish is found only in Africa.

Along the banks of two rivers in Australia another kind of walking fish is found. The name of this fish is the Barramunda. During dry seasons the waters in which the Barramunda live, dry up and literally leave the fish high and dry. But they do not die. They merely quit using their gills and begin breathing oxygen through two little air sacks in their throats.

Quite as remarkable for its amphibian habits as the Anabas Scandes, the Bommi and the Barramunda is the so-called Mud Skipper, a fish which inhabits the tidal waters of tropical Africa and the warm, sluggish rivers of the Far East.

It is probable that scientists know more about the curious landlubber habits of the Mud Skipper than about any of the other species cited, because several of these creatures recently were brought to the London Zoo where they have been the objects of minute observation by several prominent zoologists.

Not only does the Mud Skipper enjoy occasional promenades along the banks of the rivers in which it lives, but it has been seen to climb into the lower branches of trees and bushes to occupy these perches without apparent discomfort for as long as an hour.

The specimens in London often clamber out on the rocks surrounding the pool in which they are kept and bask sleepily in the sun for long periods. They do not refuse to eat in the water, but they actually seem to prefer having their meals in the open air and are so tame that the keeper can call them when it is meal time.

More agile than its cousins who also can live out of water, the Mud Skipper has been known to jump four or five times its length, especially when it is hungry and is looking for insects or small crustaceans. When it is surprised during one of its sojourns on land, it hops, skips and jumps in a frantic effort to reach the nearest stream.

The Anabas Scandes looks more like an ordinary species of fish than any of these other land-and-water fish. It does not, from its appearance, seem especially adapted for living out of water or for traveling on land, yet it gets on very comfortably out of its liquid element and strolls on terra firma without much difficulty. Scientists are making a special study of the creature's lungs, which make its amphibiam existence possible.

Lora T. Woodruff and Dr. James Palmer Studying Three Specimens of the Curious Walking Fish on Exhibition in Chicago.

Vienna's Monument to a Heroic Governess

VIENNA has many monuments to kings and generals and philosophers and composers, but never before has that city, so eager to honor the glamorous great, erected a public memorial to a domestic menial—an obscure governess.

This memorial, recently unveiled in one of the city's finest public parks, is a tall tablet of granite capped by a beautifully sculptured bas relief, symbolizing the unselfish sacrifice of one Margareta Manhardt, who gave her life in saving two little children from death under the wheels of a motor truck.

Passersby who witnessed the woman's courageous deed were so moved by the unhesitating manner in which she went to certain death that they urged the municipal authorities to honor the memory of an unknown possessed of as deep a love for humanity and as great physical courage as any of the country' heroes immortalized in marble and bronze.

The newspaper accounts of the governess's tragic and heroic end stirred thousands of citizens to join in the movement to erect a monument to Margareta Manhardt. The recent unveiling of the memorial was attended by thousands, and the ceremony could not have been more impressive had it been in honor of the country's most beloved statesman or warrior.

This monument is not, of course, the first in Europe to honor the memory of a person who distinguished himself neither in battle, in the halls of government, or as a writer of deathless poetry or inspired music. Some two years ago, a statue was unveiled in the town of Vimoutiers, Normandy, to perpetuate the memory of one Mme. Harel, who did nothing more gallant or esthetic than to create the cheese which the world knows as Camembert.

This costly memorial—a life-size sculpture of the cheese-maker standing at the side of the bas-relief of the little building in which she first learned the trick of making a distinct brand of cheese—was dedicated with elaborate ceremonies which were attended by grateful and admiring citizens from all over France. No less than a dozen French chefs solemnly laid wreaths against the base of the memorial as a gesture of their appreciation to the discoverer of so popular a delicacy.

Unlike the Viennese governess, Mme. Harel did not get her monument immediately after her achievement, or even at her death, for the French woman first made the cheese called Camembert in 1761, more than a century and a half before someone was moved to immortalize her and her works in sculptured stone.

Germany, too, recently saw fit to raise a memorial to a woman of lowly station—not to any individual woman but to a class that has served the country well for hundreds of years. This statue, put up in a public square in the City of Karlsruhe, is a stout column of stone topped by a plump figure of a woman in a long, full skirt and a flat little cap, which is a traditional feature of the costume of the market woman.

In the impressive rites that attended the unveiling of this curious memorial, high government officials in frock coats and silk hats stood at the base of the sculpture and eulogized the good matrons who in great numbers, and for many a year have served their countrymen in the distribution of food. The market woman, said the speechmakers, is in a sense, the backbone of the nation, because, before raising a family she rises before the sun and carries her heavy trays and baskets of produce to the market place, which is often miles from her home. With the development of the automobile and the establishment of modern markets she is a rapidly disappearing figure and it was decided that she should be immortalized while Germany still remembered her and her good works.

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Romantic Women Robbed and Murdered by Their Sheik Heroes

The Authorities in French North Africa Busy Protecting Silly Rich Women Who Are Thrilled by the Untrue Pictures of Lords of the Desert in Novels and Movies and Fall Into the Clutches of Thieving and Filthy Nomads

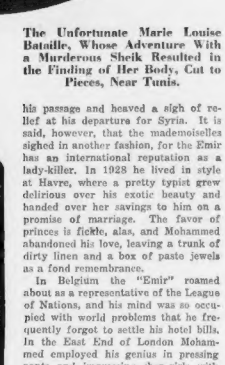
Picturesque Oasis of Mud Huts, Where Visitors to French North Africa Are Lured to Be Robbed, Blackmailed and Sometimes Killed.

Just Off the Desert—a Nomad Arrived in Town and Ready to "Sheik" Any Impressionable Romantic Woman Who Will Go Into the Desert With Him.

"His Majesty," the Bogus Emir of Kurdistan, Parading on the Fashionable Promenade at Nice, France, With a Fashionable Young Woman Who Narrowly Escaped Becoming One of His Victims.

A Greasy, Unwashed Arab "Nobleman of the Desert."

A Journey to the Bogus Sheik's Imaginary Castle on the Desert in a "Two-Seater" Camel Conveyance Appeals to the Romantic Imagination of Visitors.



The Unfortunate Marie Louise Bataille, Whose Adventure With a Murderous Sheik Resulted in the Finding of Her Body, Cut to Pieces, Near Tunis.

TUNIS, Algeria, Dec. 24.

THE world laughs at Tartarin's lion-hunting adventures in French North Africa, yet Daudet's hero is not so ridiculous as the romantic lady from London or Philadelphia who sallies forth alone to the edge of the Sahara to track the sheik—the greatest and most dangerous "lion" in the land today.

From Tunis to Marrakech, from Algiers to El Goles, North Africa is overrun by infatuated females bent on lionizing some unwashed nobleman of the sands. These impressionable huntresses come principally from England and the United States, where the glorification of the rascally desert chief in films and novels has turned their heads.

Of course, the supply of real sheiks is limited, and the sentimental Dianas frequently fall prey to guides, rug-vendors, camel-drivers and water-carriers posing as princes. These dark-skinned swindlers make a business of capturing the hearts and purses of silly rich women who, jaded with civilization, flock to the Garden of Allah to revel in all that is "primitive." The genial scoundrels not only possess the seven deadly sins but seventy others that never leave them in Winter or Summer.

Tunis is still talking of the British "grandes dames" who recently lavished money, jewels and affection on an imposing camel-driver named Hassan, with four murders and a score of robberies to his credit. He had the mien of Mohammed but the meanness of the devil, and did not at all resemble those chivalrous nomads extolled in the books of Rosita Forbes and other novelists, and the film scenario writers. A middle-aged widow actually embarked on a companionate marriage with Hassan and lived with him in an oasis till he tired of her and skipped off with her valuables. Soon afterwards this consummate scamp found another victim at Oran, Algeria.

The smiling Mediterranean is smiling more than ever these days as it bears boatloads of sheik-huntresses to the Barbary Coast. On landing these silly women strike out for the port's "cafes chantant," excellent hunting-ground in the Winter months. If no dusky male is worth bagging here, she packs up her satchel and ships for the green islands in the sand-sea where sheiks abound — Biskra, Gabes, Laghouat, Touggourt, Tozeur, Bou-Saada, Figuig, Ouargla, M'zab and El Goles. And, if fortunate, perhaps she may bring down even bigger game—a Caid, Agha, Pasha, Grand Visir or Bey.

The impostor is the huntress's chief danger. Only the experienced can tell the difference between the roar of a sheik and the bray of some ass in a lion's skin. Flattery is a fine art with the descendants of the Prophet in Mogreb: from childhood they are elaborately trained in complimenting. Long before the French schoolmaster was abroad in the land they understood that "avec les hommes l'amour entre par les yeux, avec les femmes par les' oreilles" (with men, love enters by the eyes; with women, by the ears). To bring about the downfall of a fair stranger a Bedouin donkey-driver relies more on his wagging tongue than his good looks or gorgeous haick and burnoose.

Calling on Allah as witness, he begins by swearing that he has never beheld such beauty and grace. In a language that borrows colors from the sun Reelf, he lauds her face shining like the full moon, her nose like the edge of the polished sword, her eyes like the gazelle's. Mashallah! she is lovelier than the Princess Broudoul-boudour. To prove the sincerity of his passion, he will place burning coals in the palm of his hand till they are extinguished. The bombastical Bedouin concludes by offering her his palace, which is either situated in a magical oasis in the heart of the desert or in some wonderful city of cupolas and minarets at the foot of the snowy Atlas. Of cource, this Arabian Nights residence has pillared courtyards, balconies, servants, thickly-clustering gardens, forests of waving palms, fountains of eternal youth, and over all a velvet canopy of stars.

The foolish traveller, forever dreaming of the glorified sheik hero of movies and romance, is carried away—literally and figuratively. But, alas, the paradise so glowingly pictured too often turns out to be a clump of withered palms in the midst of a howling wilderness, with a tubercular camel as the presiding genius. And the enchanted palace? It is a camel-hair tent or a mud-walled hut swarming with the native wives of her adorer, opthalmic-eyed brats and vermin. The deluded princess bursts into tears and berates her abductor, for apparently she did not remember that the Arab is the finest "story-teller" in the world, due, no doubt, to his delightful diet of hasheesh and couscous.

If Madame is not content to rest beneath the sky's canopy lit up by stars big as chestnuts, if she does not grow enthusiastic over the idea of contemplating the mystic grandeur of the desert and the flea-bitten countenances of her new relations, her magnanimous prince proposes to conduct her back to civilization for a slight consideration—her jewelry and all the money she happens to possess.

Tragedy sometimes results from these desert escapades. There is the case of Marie Louise Bataille, whose body was found cut into pieces the other day on the outskirts of Tunis. Friends of the dead girl declared that Marie had lived at Paris, near the Jardin des Plantes. The vicinity of the Mosque, with its soaring minaret, probably made a deep impression, as did the dark-eyed Moslems of the quarter.

Last Summer she decided to spend her vacation in North Africa, and view the Mussulman on his native heath. She went to Tunis—a three days' trip from Paris—and was charmed by the colorful crowds, the perfume and rug bazaars, and the Oriental atmosphere. Here, where the East and West meet, Marie became enamored of a sheik called Smadja, and they were often seen together in the Arab cabarets. Then the couple disappeared. One day the corpse of the pretty Parisienne was discovered in an outlying district cut almost into pieces. The police are looking for Sheik Smadja, and the white district of Tunis has another dark blot that will not disappear with the ordinary whitewash so beloved by its citizens.

Everywhere in French North Africa today agents of the law are busy rounding up bogus sheiks, and there has been a tightening of registration laws to check the scandal of women from Europe and America living openly in hotels with these turbanned brigands. Sheik black-lists have been furnished the leading hotels by the police, and the chain of transatlantic hotels that overshadows the Atlas chain on tourist maps has rigorously excluded these picturesque pests from its premises. The government is planning to bar white women from some of the notorious native cafes after ten at night, and is considering other measures akin to "game laws," with a "closed season" for the hunters and the hunted. Social workers have requested British and American authorities to warn their nationals that the gravest dangers are run by associating with the bogus sheiks, many of whom are criminals of the lowest type.

The dark Don Juans are not merely devils in their own home towns. Paris is the Mecca for many of these renegades. On the occasion of the centenary of the French conquest of Algeria, "les chefs Algeriens" jumped at the chance of going to Paris. They seemed to have forgotten all about Abd-el-Kader, who fought so valiantly for their country's freedom. The visitors were royally entertained, decorated by officials and their glittering regalia dazzled the eyes of many a midinette. The Bey of Tunis and other notable nomads bowed respectfully at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and prayed at the Mosque, but the majority of the sheiks devoted most of their time to the notorious night life resorts or to hunting the "gazelles" of the boulevards.

But Kismet was not kind to Mohammed Hassan el Abderrahman, who discovered to his sorrow that all Parisiennes are not crazy over sheiks. This ruler of a vast territory in the south of Morocco put up at a fine hotel in the Avenue de la Grande Armee, where a charming creature of 24 happened to catch his eye. Like the mighty Sultan Moulay Ismail, who wanted to marry the French Princess de Conti, Mohammed thought he could not be happy without this young lady as a life companion, and proposed to make her the favorite of his harem. Greatly to his surprise, she refused. When he started making love in caveman fashion, her fiance appeared on the scene and proceeded to beat up his majesty. Mohammed left immediately for Morocco in a rage.

Some days later another desert monarch quit Paris suddenly—Mohammed el Raschid, who styles himself "Emir of Kurdistan." The police paid his passage and heaved a sigh of relief at his departure for Syria. It is said, however, that the mademoiselles sighed in another fashion, for the Emir has an international reputation as a lady-killer. In 1928 he lived in style at Havre, where a pretty typist grew delirious over his exotic beauty and handed over her savings to him on a promise of marriage. The favor of princes is fickle, alas, and Mohammed abandoned his love, leaving a trunk of dirty linen and a box of paste jewels as a fond remembrance.

In Belgium the "Emir" roamed about as a representative of the League of Nations, and his mind was so occupied with world problems that he frequently forgot to settle his hotel bills. In the East End of London Mohammed employed his genius in pressing pants and impressing shop-girls with his irresistible personality. Later he practiced law in the United States, but handled several cases for lady clients without the permission of their husbands, and this hastened his departure. Uncle Sam gave him the gate and a third-class ticket on the Tuscania for Merry England.

On arriving at Southampton, Mohammed found he was not wanted either as prince or panic-presser and was compelled to disembark at Havre.

When the French officials came on board the ship at Havre they first announced that since the British authorities would not let the "Emir" land, neither could he land in France. A considerable argument ensued between the captain of the Tuscania and the officials. They told the captain he could keep the distinguished passenger, and the captain told the officials he couldn't keep him, unless he be kept him as a permanent resident on the steamer. The captain pointed out that they wouldn't have him in England, that the United States had booted him out, and unless he could be put ashore in France he must remain as a permanent fixture on the ship. As the Tuscania had already been delayed half an hour on her departure from Southampton on account of the dispute, the French authorities decided to be generous and let the noble passenger stop the night in jail at Havre.

He carries a French passport issued in Syria, a certificate of his birth at Detroit, U. S. A., and identity papers from Italy, Belgium and England, stating he was born in Vrinscha, Syria. French gendarmes decided to escort him to Paris and thence to Marseilles, where they placed him on a ship bound for Beyreuth.

Poets, novelists and scenario-writers portray the sheik as a sort of desert king—noble in nature, simple in tastes, faithful to his wives and religion. Contact with his majesty quickly dispels all such romantic notions. This "ascetic of the sands" is a lover of luxury and debauchery, the strict code of morals laid down in the Koran being honored not at all.

This dirty, greasy, unwashed hero lives by cheating and robbing and makes the Forty Thieves of the Arabian Nights seem harmless in comparison. His wives, ill-treated and overworked, lead the most degraded existence. Unlike his odoriferous garments, they are often discarded. His deep-set eyes, it is true, are accustomed to contemplate the horizon, but in no spirit of piety or philosophic meditation. He scans the distant prospect with the hope of seeing some fellow-mortal he can fleece.

To smoke "kif," and dream of the paradise where he shall puff the golden "chebli" in an enchanted pipe, lighted for him by a black-eyed Khadidja, is his idea of bliss. This is the real sheik of the desert—an indolent, dirty barbarian, an incarnation of rascality!

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"Our Intellectuals"—a British Artist Makes Fun of Us

IT IS seldom that a cartoonist quits his pen-and-ink technique to learn the difficult art of etching, and it is an even more unusual situation when an etcher applies his skill to satirical observation of human fads and foibles.

Will Dyson, who was a famous cartoonist in England before and during the war, has done just that.

The four illustrations on this page are reproductions of etchings which Mr. Dyson exhibited at St. George's Gallery in London. Visitors to the exhibition were agreed that the ex-cartoonist is an able etcher. But more than one person left the gallery feeling that the artist might use his talents a little less bitingly. One critic, angered by the satirical character of the pictures, accused Mr. Dyson of being soured on life, particularly on women and men who had attained financial success.

The etching at the extreme left shows a fat and apparently prosperous captain of industry, with his silk topper held over his protuberant abdomen. The caption which Mr. Dyson put beneath this picture is, "But oh, Lord, would'st Thou have had Thy servant be unbusiness-like?"

Obviously, the artist is depicting a man who feels a little guilty about having more than his share of worldly goods, and perhaps of the manner in which he achieved financial independence. But he makes him out a hypocrite who believes he can argue his case with the Almighty without sacrificing a dollar of his wealth.

"But, oh, Lord, would'st Thou have had Thy servant be unbusiness-like . . .?"

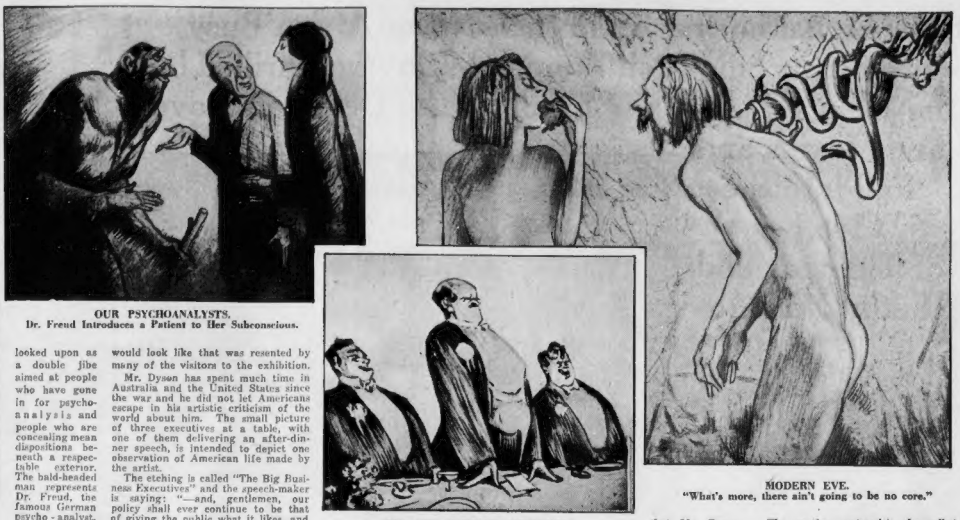
The etching at the upper left is jocious self. The low-browed, ape-like, half-human monster is certainly an unflattering pictorialization of anyone's character, and the inference that English society matrons have minds that would look like that was resented by many of the visitors to the exhibition.

Mr. Dyson has spent much time in Australia and the United States since the war and he did not let Americans escape in his artistic criticism of the world about him. The small picture of three executives at a table, with one of them delivering an after-dinner speech, is intended to depict one observation of American life made by the artist.

The etching is called "The Big Business Executives" and the speech-maker is saying: "—and, gentlemen, our policy shall ever continue to be that of giving the public what it likes, and if they don't like it give 'em something exactly like it."

It seemed to most of the women who visited Mr. Dyson's exhibition that his picture "Modern Eve" (shown at the upper right), was his most unkind jibe. Not only did he present Eve as an unattractive person with a bedraggled permanent wave, but he makes her say to Adam, "What's more, there ain't going to be no core." It is assumed that Mr. Dyson is poking caustic fun at the modern woman who demands equal rights with men and who is going into business and the professions to grab all the fame and success she can get.

The onetime cartoonist, who called his exhibition "Our Intellectuals," is a good-natured, life-loving man. He denies that it was his intention to hurt anyone's feeling. "Just having a little fun, that's all," is the way he explained his seemingly unkind revelations of the weaknesses of his fellow men.



OUR PSYCHOANALYSTS.
Dr. Freud Introduces a Patient to Her Subconscious.

THE BIG BUSINESS EXECUTIVES.
"——and, gentlemen, our policy shall ever continue to be that of giving the public what it likes, and if they don't like it—give 'em something exactly like it."

MODERN EVE.
"What's more, there ain't going to be no core."

Giant Drums Instead of Church Bells

WHEN the bearded priests of the great Hindu temple outside of the city of Benares, India, call their numerous congregation to worship the gods Siva, Brahma and Vishnu, they do not climb up in a minaret and shout as Mohammedan muzzeins do, or ring bells as Christian ministers do. They roll a huge tom-tom out into the temple courtyard and beat upon it with long sticks.

To the alien visitor to Benares this thumping summons, which can be heard for miles, seems more military than religious. But to the thousands of Hindus who live on the hills and in the valleys surrounding the great temple, the monotonous booming has all the spiritual significance of the muzzein's minor chanting or the churchbell's musical peal.

Why this particular Hindu temple should make use of a gigantic tom-tom to call the faithful to prayer is something of a mystery for, in all India, there are not more than half a dozen other temples that employ drums to remind the devout that it is time to prostrate themselves before their deities. There is a legend that a priest who presided over the temple many years ago installed the drum in an effort to attract backsliding members of a dwindling congregation.

Aside from its religious aspects, the temple drum is a relic of rare interest, because, so far as is known, it is the largest drum of any kind in the world. In shape it is like half of a globe six feet in diameter. The thick head of the drum, made of several large ox skins carefully sewed together can be tightened by an elaborate arrangement of leather thongs that encircle the great body of the drum.

When the drum is not in actual use, it is kept inside the temple building, and is covered with a sacred cloth which only the priests are allowed to remove. Two attendants roll the drum from the temple to the courtyard when it is time to call the faithful to their devotions.

The Hindus about Benares regard the massive tom-tom as a sacred object, and when beat upon in a certain syncopated rhythm they believe that the voice of Siva, the chief Hindu god, is emerging from the tightly stretched drum-head.

From long experience the priests are expert with the long sticks with which they sound the calls to worship, and they beat in different rhythms for the various services held at the temple. During certain religious ceremonies the drum is beaten unceasingly for hours.

KEYSTONE VIEW CO. Photo.

The Huge Drum, Built Exactly Like a Tom-tom, Which Can Be Heard for Miles Calling Worshipers to the Hindu Temple at Benares, India.

Just About the Limit

THE world-famous Diamond Exhibition held every year at Antwerp, Belgium, is a rare combination of commercial show and social event attended by hundreds of the wealthiest women of Europe. The diamonds are, in most cases, worn by beautiful mannequins who, in order to display the gems at their best advantage, array themselves in gowns created especially for the occasion.

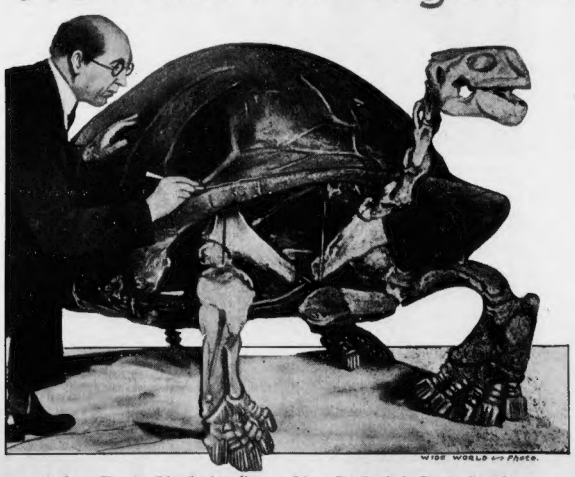
In the photograph below, a mannequin is shown wearing a black velvet evening gown designed to accentuate a diamond necklace and diamond wristlets worn over long velvet cuffs.

Several of the leading Parisian cotouriers were present at the Diamond Exhibition and were frankly amazed at the daring cut of this creation which was made in a Brussels fashion salon. In the back the dress revealed a generous strip of the wearer's back down to her waist. But this feature was not as shocking as the cut of the front, which made the young woman appear that she had just stepped off the stage of the Folies Bergere.

The bodice of the gown was held in place without the aid of the usual straps over the shoulders, and its neckline, which was unusually low, dipped daringly in the center. In fact, the mannequin seemed to be wearing a boudoir gown of the "Frenchiest" type rather than an evening gown. The Parisian fashion designers who saw the dress are dubious about attempting to make such revealing raiment popular.

At the Recent Diamond Exhibition in Antwerp, Special Gowns Were Worn by Mannequins to Show Off Gems to Their Best Advantage, and This One, Which Shocked Even the Fashion Designers, Represents Just About the Limit in Low Cuts.

A Tortoise That Weighed More Than a Ton



WIDE WORLD Photo.

Larger Than Any Other Specimen Known to Science, This Fossil of a Tortoise, Recently Acquired by the American Museum of Natural History, Shows That the Monster, Native to India Centuries Ago, Weighed at Least 2,100 Pounds.

WHEN Dr. Barnum Brown, world-famous expert on fossil reptiles at the American Museum of Natural History, went into the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains in India to seek the remains of giant reptiles, he expected to unearth the fossilized skeletons of monster turtles and tortoises. But he did not dream that he would come upon the remains of what probably is one of the biggest tortoises that ever roamed the earth.

In the photograph, Dr. Brown is shown putting the finishing touches on the shell of the ancient reptile which, in life, weighed about 2,100 pounds. The shell is seven feet long and three feet deep. How long ago this creature fed on the rank foliage of the Indian jungles is not definitely known, but it is assumed that he died about a million years ago.

There are on earth today many giant tortoises, for the species is far from extinct. But it would appear that none of the living members of the family attains the gigantic size of this prehistoric ancestor. In the Galapagos Islands, off the coast of Ecuador, scientists recently have studied tortoises that weighed 400 pounds, but they found none heavier than this. The largest tortoise in captivity is only one seventh as large and as heavy as this monstrous reptile was in his day.

Many people confuse the tortoise with the turtle. They are close relatives, but their habits are distinctly different. The tortoise is strictly a land reptile. If he inadvertently walks into a river or a lake, and does not get out in a hurry, he drowns. The turtle is amphibious. It is as much at home in the water as on land. In fact there are several kinds of sea turtles that seldom set foot on dry land.

As large as this tortoise specimen found by Dr. Brown is, the reptile is a puny thing compared to a giant turtle, the fossilized remains of which the scientist found, some years ago, in the Siwalik hills of India.

This truly amazing monster, revealed by the size of his skeleton that it was more than thirty feet long and weighed nine tons. His shell alone would have weighed more than a thousand pounds. Never, before or since, has such a fossil been found and Dr. Brown is credited by fellow scientists with having found what undoubtedly is one of the biggest and strangest reptiles that ever lived.

No other creature could have killed this huge, armored brute, and it assumed that it died a natural death when it was somewhere between 800 and 900 years old.

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Schools to Teach the Science of Choosing Life Partners

Professor Philhower Points Out the Defect in Modern Education Where Young Women Are Graduated Without Any Instruction As to What Makes a Worth-While Husband and Young Men Are Taught Everything Except How to Measure Durable Value in a Prospective Wife

Alicia du Pont, the Powder Heiress, and Her Ex-Husband, a Poor Chemist, With Whom She Became Infatuated When She Was Sixteen, Married Hurriedly, and Shortly Afterwards Found That Her Education Had Taught Her Nothing About Picking the Right Kind of Life Partner.

The Dowdy-Looking Rose Pastor Stokes, the Red "Rose of the Ghetto," Whom J. G. Phelps Stokes, One of the Richest Men in New York, Married, Never Was Happy With and Finally Divorced.

Charlotte Nash, Whose Rich Fiance Gave Her a Year's Education Because He Felt That "Although She Was Beautiful, Something Was Lacking"—But the Marriage Only Lasted Four Years, Nevertheless.

Millicent Rogers, Daughter of the Oil Multi-Millionaire, H. H. Rogers, Who Was Taught Everything at School Except the Right Kind of Man to Marry, and in Consequence Had an Unhappy Romance With a Foreign Nobleman.

Mrs. Donald Halderman, Formerly Countess of Erroll, Before That Mrs. Charles Gordon and Before That Mrs. David Wallace, Who Is Patiently Trying to Find the Right Kind of Husband by the "Trial and Error" Method.

"INSTEAD of the present blind emotional basis which naturally leads to the divorce courts, all boys and girls should be taught in school how to pick the right kind of husband or wife when they grow up."

When Charles A. Philhower, supervising principal of schools in Westfield, N. J., made that statement at the recent convention of school nurses in Atlantic City he was saying something that most every intelligent man and woman has known but dodged. If marriage is really of the importance everyone says it is or even if it is of any importance at all, why should almost everyone be sent to face the problem with no knowledge of how to handle it?

"It's about time that love, as an emotional urge that has to be yielded to, no matter in what direction it may happen to lead, should be debunked," says Principal Philhower. "The trouble up till now has been that the entire subject has been so shrouded in mystery, 'holiness' and so on, that knowledge has been unable to penetrate it.

The conception of what love is takes shape in the mind of a girl or boy from thousands of different impressions, most of them false. Thus equipped, he or she steps into adolescence and in the majority of cases quits it with some kind of permanent emotional scar.

"The grossest kind of ignorance and misstatement is responsible for this state of affairs. It is love this and love that on every side, in movies, books, plays, conversation; is it any wonder that the average adolescent gets an exaggerated and usually preposterous idea of it? Nothing definite is told him; he finds himself excited and expectant, awaiting the great mystery, a sheep prepared for the slaughter. And if the great mystery isn't unfolded, if by some freak of chance he seems to be one of those destined to go through life with some tranquillity, he will most likely force the issue and wantonly ruin his own happiness, feeling that unless he does so he will only be half a man. Many boys and girls deliberately involve themselves in the most serious emotional complications, simply from a fear of missing something.

"A plan of the kind I suggest would naturally encounter difficulties but it is certainly in line with modern educational methods which aim to prepare the student for problems he will meet in after life. Today the boy and girl in high school is trained for a vocation; why shouldn't they be trained for marriage which, in its way, is the greatest vocation of all?"

Principal Philhower realizes that the first difficulty is lack of competent teachers because nobody has properly studied the subject. Even college professors prove by their unfortunate marriages that when it comes to selecting a wife, they do not know their A B Cs. However, though the subject has never been taught except by creators of fiction and carefully taught wrong, there are plenty of well-established facts which each generation now has to learn for itself by painful experience, after it is too late.

For instance, it makes a pleasing story on the screen or in a novel, when the poor but honest chauffeur marries the millionaire's daughter. Boys and girls, having never been married, get the impression that the hero and heroine will live happily ever after. Why shouldn't they? It is true love! This is a democracy and he is as good as she is!

He may be. He may be a lot better, but divorce records show that such an ill-assorted pair after making each other miserable for a while is almost certain to part in divorce and bitterness. The thing that wrecks them is the fact that they have been brought up in two different walks of life. There are so few things they can enjoy in common or even both understand that it is almost as if they could not speak each other's language.

This incompatibility between husband and wife is said to be one of the explanations for night clubs and other dancing resorts where there is plenty of noisy music. Couples who have few thoughts in common, and therefore nothing to talk about unless they quarrel, can at least dance together in silence, and when they sit down the cabaret covers up the painful absence of conversation.

When the factory owner's son marries the poor but virtuous mill girl, in fiction, it looks as if virtue had been rewarded—but if it were real life, the marriage would really be a punishment. She is likely to drive him to drink and affairs with other women who at least understand him, while his misunderstanding of her thoughts and interests may drive her some day to elope with the chauffeur and that second match will have some chances of success.

To please the sentimentalists, fiction writers delight in picturing the opposition of parents to a child marrying out of his set, as if they were stupid or snobbish old money-bags who could not understand youth and romance. The sad fact is they do understand, and it is their children, in their ignorance of what love and marriage really mean, that do not.

"Matches are made in Heaven, let Nature take its course," say the sentimental, who like to believe that the instinct of the heart should be unerring in seeking out its twin soul. It should be but it is not, and if marriages were made in Heaven they would not have to be unmade in Reno. The hunger for a mate is no more reliable than the child's food-hunger until it has been trained. A child, allowed to order its own dinner, would begin with ice cream, cake and candy and never get any further. However, before he is allowed to make any such blunder he has his food selecting instincts trained by his parents' discipline, reinforced by a few stomach-aches when he disobeys.

The parents of James Graham Phelps Stokes, New York millionaire, had given him a thorough education in every line he would be likely to need except one, how to choose a good wife. Having plenty of leisure he interested himself in settlement work and looked into Socialism, becoming what was then called a "parlor Socialist."

These things brought him in contact with Rose Pastor, known as "Rose of the Ghetto." She was a cigar maker whose parents had come from Russia full of Socialism and Communism and rheumatism and their daughter grew up to be one of the radical type of revolutionary Socialists known as "Reds." These Reds later became a little too wild-eyed for the other Socialists, and they finally got out to form the Communist party ruled from Moscow.

To the well-bred, soft-spoken young millionaire the fire-eating, feminine demagogue who screamed "down with the capitalists" and preached red revolution was at first dreadful and then fascinating. She pointed to the slums of the East Side where she came from and shrieked that the poverty there was all because they had too much wealth on Fifth and Park Avenues. Socialism would even things up so there would be no wealth but no poverty, and everyone with only a few hours work a day would be well-to-do.

Young Stokes believed her, fell in love with the idea which at that time had never been tested and he also fell in love with the tousle-headed young fanatic who preached it. Nobody doubts that it was true love on both sides, and therefore, the sentimentalists would expect it to last till death. But no sooner were they married than they learned that they had nothing in common but their Socialism and even that did not last.

Stokes would have done better to have married the least attractive girl he knew in his own set, for at least their house and table manners would not have been in conflict, rather than this firebrand from the Ghetto who could not be bothered to learn the polite ways of the class she meant to destroy. She, in turn, would have been happier wedded to any of her sallow-faced, unbathed soap-box orator friends. She would have understood their ways and thoughts and they would have understood hers. As Mrs. Stokes said, after she was divorced:

"We were practically strangers in the same house, almost from the start."

When America entered the war, Mr. Stokes was in the embarrassing position of having a wife arrested for seditious activities against his government. Russia, whose failure in the war made it necessary for the United States to step in, then started the great Socialistic experiment. It succeeded in abolishing all wealth but up to the present day has only made poverty universal and more desperate than ever under the old regime.

These two young people bungled their love-lives because when they were children at the age when other important things are taught, nobody showed them that it would be impossible for love and sympathy to last long with anyone so different in ideas and bringing up.

Alicia du Pont, heiress to the enormous powder fortune, became infatuated at sixteen with a poor chemist in one of her father's factories. Without the consent of her parents she married him. "Love was all," decided Alicia, and money didn't mean a thing. She was going "to live her own life." Her parents let her—perhaps to her own surprise. Alicia showed she had pluck, for she stuck out two years of comparative poverty before she obtained a divorce and returned to the life of wealth and luxury to which she had been trained since babyhood.

Young people crowd to plays and pictures that are full of love-interest. It is the only important interest in which they find no better way of getting instruction.

The most successful American play of modern times was "Abie's Irish Rose," and each night, year after year, that play sent out a false message to romantic youth seeking light on how to be happy though married. They saw a boy and girl of different race, religion and culture marry to the horror of their parents. Thus far the play was true to life. Anyone old enough to have any judgment and experience in matrimony would have been horrified. In the end the old folks forgave and made the best of it as parents usually do after the worst has happened. The unfortunate effect of the play was that it sent audiences away with the impression that such a mismated hero and heroine would live happily ever afterward instead of heading for the divorce court as did Stokes and his Ghetto Rose and most every other ill-assorted couple in real life.

When a "Follies" beauty marries some wealthy young gentleman in the Social Register, his parents usually take on in a way quite amusing to outsiders who are not responsible. But to the family it is a tragedy, not that they think the stage girl is necessarily immoral or too flighty or not good enough for the boy, but she is different and therefore wrong for him. Finally, they give their blessing with a groan and wait philosophically for the divorce and the alimony.

Mr. H. H. Rogers tried to tell his daughter Millicent that she would never get along with a foreigner like Count Salm. But Salm had a title and fascinating foreign ways so she had to go out and prove that Father was right. School had left her untaught and undisciplined on that important subject.

Mr. Nixon-Nirdlinger, the rich Philadelphia theatrical manager, fell instantly in love with dimpled Charlotte Nash when she won first prize at an Atlantic City beauty show. Due, perhaps, to his extensive experience with women in his theatrical capacity, Mr. Nixon-Nirdlinger had a glimmering of Principal Philhower's idea. He had no doubt of Miss Nash's beauty and sweetness. Nevertheless, as he put it at the time, he felt that "something was lacking."

So Mr. Nixon-Nirdlinger put Miss Nash into an exclusive and expensive "finishing school" for girls and kept her there a year before he married her. This was a step in the right direction, but apparently more steps were needed, because the marriage only lasted a few years with divorce threatening at least once a year until it actually did occur. The dimpled beauty secured her freedom in Paris, and Mr. Nixon-Nirdlinger regretfully confessed that his pre-nuptial, year-long effort to add to his wife's beauty what other qualities she needed to make him a perfect wife had been a failure.

Science tests the intelligence of mice, guinea pigs and other animals by what is known as the "trial and error" method. The little creature, after running through the maze in the wrong direction and bringing up in blind alleys, finally learns the shortest cut to the food.

A somewhat similar method is pursued by some men and women until they have spent a large part of their lives before they find the right life partner. The fourth marriage recently of the sister of Lord de la Warr is an example of this method of progressive matrimony. She first married a Captain David Wallace, who divorced her after five years. Next, she married Captain Charles Gordon. Having shaken him loose, she married the Earl of Erroll, whom she divorced last year. And now, for a fourth trial, she has just taken on an American, Mr. Donald Halderman, and is on her fourth hopeful honeymoon.

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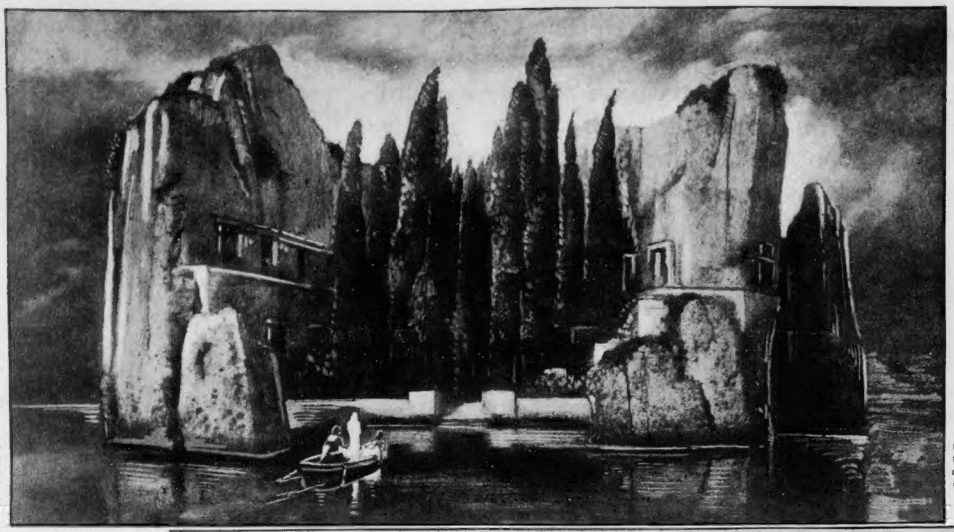
To Save Boecklin's Famous "Isle of the Dead" From Destruction

The Greek Government at Last Decides to Preserve From the Sea the Inspiration for a Weird and Fascinating Work of Modern Art

A Little Speck of Land in the Ionian Sea, According to Legend, Is Ulysses' Ship Turned Into Stone by the Angry Sea-God, Poseidon



THE Greek Government has at last decided to save Boecklin's "Isle of the Dead" from being washed away by the sea, which has been rapidly encroaching upon it in recent years.

This little island has an extraordinary claim to the attention of all lovers of art and literature, for it is closely associated with the adventures described in Homer's "Odyssey," one of the earliest masterpieces of literature, and it was the model for Arnold Boecklin's painting "The Isle of the Dead," that weird, fascinating and very popular modern work of art.

According to a legend that is found in literature of over 3,000 years ago, the island was believed by the ancient Greeks to be the ship of Odysseus, called also Ulysses.

Changed into this form by Poseidon, who was angered by that bold adventurer for having worsted the sea-god's one-eyed son Polyphemus, the island was called, by the ancients, "The Ship," and the peasants on the neighboring coast still give it that name, but its present official modern name, Pontikonese, is said to mean "Mouse Island." From a distance it bears some resemblance to a sailing ship.

The legend of the ship changing into an island is part of the evidence that proves that some of the most interesting adventures of the crafty hero, Ulysses, during his slow return from the siege of Troy, really happened in this vicinity.

The historic island has in modern times been occupied by a small community of monks, who were unable to undertake works to stop the encroachment of the sea. The Archbishop of Corfu, in whose diocese the island is situated, appealed for $20,000 to build bulkheads to save the island, but no adequate response was forthcoming. The Government was unwilling to help the archbishop as it was pursuing an anti-clerical policy, but has now decided to take entire control of the island.

The remarkable legends and classical associations connected with this island and its surroundings first drew the attention of the painter Arnold Boecklin to it. Most persons have experienced the deep and solemn fascination of Boecklin's painting, called "The Isle of the Dead." It is a composition known all over the world, by an artist whose other pictures are unknown to the general public.

In the painting one sees a boat bearing a sombre, pall-covered coffin, paddled by a squat figure towards the mysterious island. In the boat stands the tall figure of a woman with shoulders bent in the attitude of sorrow and mourning.

The island in the painting is remarkable for its beautiful tall cypress trees and for its high cliffs, which are cut in places to resemble ancient temples. The extreme darkness of the cypress woods in the center seems to be the place where one definitely passes to the unknown world beyond the grave.

The picture has appealed to countless thousands as expressing their idea of death, an event sad and solemn, but not altogether terrible. The symbolism of the ferryman and his boat is evidently borrowed from the legend of Charon and the Styx. But it is the sorrowing female that gives the greatest fascination to the composition.

The story of how the picture came to be painted is quite a romance. A rich and beautiful woman had lost her husband, whom she adored. She wished a memorial of him that she could keep before her eyes as long as she lived. With a happy inspiration, she commissioned Arnold Boecklin, then a struggling young artist, to carry out her wishes in a picture.

Boecklin had spent much time studying the beautiful islands of the Ionian Sea, where the little "Isle of the Dead" is situated.

The little island has always been famous for its magnificent cypress trees. It occurred to Boecklin that he could use this island in the composition his patroness dreamed of.

Boecklin painted two versions of the picture before he perfected the final one. In the second version he added certain architectural features to the rocky cliffs. Still the widow thought there was something lacking in the picture. She then suggested the sorrowing female figure, which really represents herself. It is this feature which has gained for the work much of its world-wide popularity.

Boecklin painted many pictures after this, but try as he would he could never achieve anything approaching the success of "The Isle of the Dead."

A comparison of Boecklin's painting and a photograph of the real island will show that the artist has copied the cypress trees in the latter almost exactly, but has added the tall rocky cliffs.

Many other facts of interest about this part of the world are coming to light. Archeologists working on the main island of Corfu, at a spot within sight of the little "Isle of the Dead," have found the remains of a very ancient Greek city, which they believe was the city of the Phaeacians, described at length by Homer in the Odyssey, where the shipwrecked Ulysses discovered the charming Nausicaa playing ball on the beach with her maidens and was royally welcomed by her father, King Alcinous. Digging beneath the soil here they have found many remarkably primitive Greek carvings, including fragments of temples, statues of Zeus, Medusa, gods and goddesses, giants, lions, etc.

The principal reason for believing this place to be the city of the Phaeacians is that Homer says that the ship which the Phaeacians lent to Ulysses was transformed by Poseidon into an island right in view of the harbor of the Phaeacians.

The city and the island were evidently realities, but whether a miracle occurred nobody can say. The position of the little "Isle of the Dead," within sight of the newly discovered ruins, agrees perfectly with this legend.

The "Isle of the Dead" and the city of the Phaeacians are also linked by Homer with the adventures of Ulysses in the country of the Cyclops, giants with only one eye apiece.

Ulysses entered the cave of the chief Cyclops, Polyphemus, who was the son of Poseidon and the nymph, Thoosa, daughter of Phorcys. When the chief Cyclops returned and found the stranger, Ulysses, and his men, he raged in wrath. Ulysses pleaded to the monster that he had been shipwrecked and craved hospitality, in the name of the gods. But the Cyclops defied the gods, seized two of the Greeks, dashed them to the ground, killed them and devoured them.

When the Cyclops fell asleep after this repulsive meal Ulysses planned to kill him, but desisted at thought of the great rock with which the door of the cave was closed, which no human hand could move. The next night, however, when the Cyclops had devoured two more of his victims, Ulysses blinded him in his one eye as he slept.

Polyphemus cried out in pain, and when the other Cyclops came to his aid asking who was hurting him, he cried out, "Nobody," the name which Ulysses had craftily given when he introduced himself. Next morning, when the blinded Polyphemus turned out his sheep and goats, the prisoners tied themselves under them and thus escaped. When Ulysses finally reached his ship and was sailing out of the harbor, he called out his real name and the Cyclops hurled rocks at his ship and came very near sinking it.

Poseidon was angry with Ulysses for blinding his son, Polyphemus. To avenge his son he drove Ulysses back and forth over the Mediterranean Sea, driving him to the home of the sailor-destroying enchantress, Circe, through Scylla and Charybdis, where he lost many of his men, then lost others to the sirens.

At last he found a refuge in the city of the Phaeacians where he was entertained by the gentle Nausicaa and her father, King Alcinous.

How the shipwrecked Ulysses met Nausicaa and her maids on the beach is one of the most charming passages in the Odyssey.

The Princess was playing ball with her maidens—the first mention of ball in history. Apparently girls were the original baseball players. Ulysses rose to the occasion with remarkable cleverness. The passage reads thus:

"So was Odysseus about to meet those fair-haired maids, all naked though he was, for need constrained him. To them he seemed a loathsome sight, befouled with brine. They hurried off, one here, one there, over the stretching sands. Only the daughter of Alcinous stayed, for in her breast Athena had put courage and from her limbs took fear. Steadfast she stood to meet him. And now Odysseus doubted whether to make his suit by clasping the knees of the bright-eyed maid, or where he stood, aloof, in winning words to make that suit, and try if she would show the town and give him clothing. Reflecting thus, it seemed the better way to make his suit in winning words, aloof; for fear if he should clasp her knees, the maid might be offended. Forthwith he spoke, a winning and shrewd speech:

"'I am your suppliant, Princess. Are you some god or mortal? If one of the gods who hold the open sky, to Artemis, daughter of mighty Zeus, in beauty, height and bearing I find you likest. But if you are a mortal, living on the earth, most happy are your father and your honored mother, most happy your brothers also. Surely their hearts ever grow warm with pleasure over you, when watching such a blossom moving in the dance. And then exceeding happy he, beyond all others, who shall with gifts prevail and lead you home. For I never before saw such a being with these eyes—no man, no woman.'"

The Phaeacians eventually lent Ulysses the ship which carried him back to his own city of Ithaca. Poseidon in anger changed the ship into a rock as it was returning. The following passage in the Odyssey is cited as proving that the "Isle of the Dead" was the one Homer had in mind:

"Then answered him cloud-gathering Zeus and said: 'Friend, this appears to me the better way. When all the people of the town look off and see her sailing, then turn her into stone close to the shore—yet like a swift ship still—that all the folk may marvel, and throw a lofty mound about their city.'

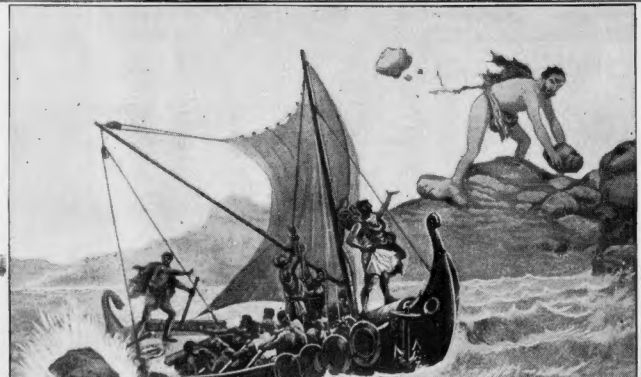
"On hearing this, earth-shaking Poseidon hastened to Scheria, where the Phaeacians live, and waited there. Then as the sea-borne ship drew near, running full swiftly, the Earth-Shaker drew near her, too, turned her to stone and rooted her to the bottom, forcing her under with his outspread hand, and went away; but in winged words to one another talked the Phaeacian oarsmen, notable men at sea. And, glancing at his neighbor, a Phaeacian man would say:

"'Hah! Who stopped the swift ship on the sea as she was running in? In full sight, too, she was.'"

And now this historic island, which has passed through such strange experiences, is to be saved from the sea, Poseidon's realm, by Greece.

"The Isle of the Dead," the Celebrated Painting by Arnold Boecklin, and, on the Right, the Cypress-Tree-Covered Island of Pontikonese, Off the Coast of Corfu, Which Served as a Model for Boecklin's Work of Art.

The Figure of Medusa, One of the Rare Old Greek Sculptures Recovered From the Ruins of Corfu, Near the "Isle of the Dead."



Ulysses Defying Polyphemus After He Had Blinded the Leader of the One-eyed Cyclops, for Which, According to Homeric Legend, the Vessel in Which He Escaped Was Turned Into Stone by the Sea-God Poseidon, Polyphemus' Father, and Later Became the "Isle of the Dead." From the Painting by L. F. Schutzenberger.

Ulysses Strapped to the Mast to Resist the Sirens. From a Greek Vase in the British Museum.

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What It Cost Rich Mrs. Gross to Change Her Mind

In the Glorious Enthusiasm of Her Love She Gives Her Husband Half Her Fortune, and Now Wants It Back—Sure She Could Only Love the Man She Married; but Now She Has Run Away With a Lover, Her Husband Asserts

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The Fashionable Wedding of Mr. Gross and the Daughter of General Francis Burton Harrison in Algiers and Attended by the Diplomatic Corps.

P.&A. PHOTO

Mrs. Gross, Whose Husband Then Was a Member of the American Embassy at Paris, Enjoying the Winter Sports at Fashionable St. Moritz, Switzerland.

It Was Necessary for Mrs. Gross to Serve a Legal Paper on Her Husband, but He Was Hard to Locate. So She Engaged a Dozen Detectives, Who Finally Converged on Him at the Aquarium, Where He Was Studying a Tank of Barracudas. But, Taking Alarm, Mr. Gross Escaped From the Aquarium, Rushed Across Battery Park, Down Into the Subway, Leaped Over the Turnstile, Just Missed the Train, Rushed Up Another Stairway, Leaped Into a Cab—but Too Late. One of the Pursuing Detectives Jumped on the Running Board and Served the Paper.

WEALTHY and fashionable Mrs. Virginia Gross, daughter of Francis Burton Harrison, former Governor-General of the Philippine Islands, paid $830,000 to her husband, Capt. Christian Channing Gross, war-hero, polo player and formerly of the American legation at Berne, Switzerland, to make sure that he would love her all the rest of his life—just her and nobody else.

Mrs. Gross's friends thought this exorbitant and extravagant. They told her that husbands are supposed to be gotten for nothing and do all the paying. This would set the men a bad example. But it was in the first heaven of their married life and Mrs. Gross did not think it too much to insure the love and possession of the only man she ever had loved and ever could love. Of course, if he should ever be unfaithful or neglectful she would expect it all back plus plenty of alimony for not keeping his bargain.

Apparently Captain Gross did keep his part of the bargain and something happened that his wife had not been able to imagine when she was handing over all that money. It was she who got tired of the "only man in the world," fell in love with someone else and then she was cruelly "stuck" with an $830,000 husband on her hands that she didn't want any more.

It is a woman's privilege to change her mind. Mrs. Gross had changed hers and naturally her first thought was to get her money back just as she did when she returned a purchase at the stores. If any other rich woman wanted a husband who was practically as good as new, for they had only been married four years, she could have him, with his eight decorations, including the D. S. C., the British Military Cross and the Croix de Guerre, for just what he had cost her.

But there were no offers. There is no way that a wife can advertise a husband for sale, and Captain Gross would not co-operate in finding a wife who could afford the price. Only one thing remained to be done. In the old days masters often allowed slaves to buy their freedom if they could find money to repay their purchase price. Mrs. Gross made a similar proposition. If her husband would kindly return that $830,000 she would give him his freedom in the form of a divorce without alimony. But Captain Gross did not want his freedom, said that a bargain was a bargain and insisted on sticking to it. However, he would set aside the money for their two children and bring them up. Then the trouble began which has kept the courts of Chicago, New York and finally Paris busy ever since.

Captain Gross hired detectives and armed with their evidence won his freedom without being forced to pay a cent to his wife. He named as co-respondent Senor Alberti, a Spaniard, who, he said, had won his wife's heart by promising to train her voice and make her a grand opera prima donna. The court awarded the father custody of the two children and everything seemed set. But, nevertheless, the captain made an agreement to set aside $250,000 of the $830,000 so that the income would be avilable for his ex-wife

This agreement he soon repudiated on the ground that the French lawyers who got it up had altered it materially

Mrs. Francis Burton Harrison, Who Was Miss Mary Crocker, and the Mother of Mrs. Gross.

between the time the last changes were agreed upon and his actually signing it. That was the legal justification but there was another not so legal which moved him more powerfully. He learned that Alberti, the Spaniard, having failed in his promise to make a prima donna out of Mrs. Gross, had been supplanted in her affections by a Mexican antique dealer of Paris, named Marius de Zayas. This annoyed Capt. Gross because he got the impression that the money would be used to insure the affections of the Mexican and the captain said:

"I hate Greasers and I'm not going to pay to have one supplant me."

Captain Gross having had luck in Chicago courts with his divorce proceedings tried them again and obtained an injunction restraining his former wife from collecting the money from the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company of New York. Mrs. Gross stood this off by winning an injunction from the New York courts restraining the captain from prosecuting his Chicago injunction. With these two legal guns leveled at it the trust company played safe and paid nobody.

The matrimonial war quieted down for the moment on the American front but flared up in France with the mysterious disappearance of their oldest son, Peter, who is now seven years old. Peter just vanished from the captain's custody, but he had his suspicions and offered a reward of $100,000 for his return. If the boy had been stolen by ordinary kidnapers, this would at least cause them to open negotiations. When no response was made, Captain Gross set detectives on the trail of his divorced wife and her Mexican boy friend.

It was a long trail that carried them into many countries of Europe, and though Peter has not yet actually been located, the detectives many times found where the little fugitive had been, and though they have lost the scent again they are convinced that he is hidden now in either England or Germany. Finally, the other day, both Mrs. Gross and her Mexican admirer were hailed before the judge d'instruction of the French court at Grenoble. The captain's detectives offered evidence that Mrs. Gross had run away with Peter and, with the aid of the Mexican antique dealer, spirited him out of France as De Zayas' own son on an old diplomatic passport. For more than a year he had been hidden in an Austrian mountain resort part of the time and in a country place near Grenoble the rest of the time. Besides crossing on the diplomatic passport, the boy sometimes was slipped over and back on De Zayas' own Mexican passport.

It was further brought out that besides Peter and his sister Barbara, a second daughter had been born to Mrs. Gross who, the captain says, is not his own child because he had been away from his wife, as charge d'affaires in Haiti, for more than a year before her birth.

The court quickly settled the question of who the legal father was because, according to the French law, any child born during wedlock belongs to the husband regardless of absence and even till a full year after his death unless the widow in the meanwhile has married again. On the advice of his lawyer the Mexican made no move to

Francis Burton Harrison, Ex-Governor General of the Philippine Islands, and Father of Mrs. Gross.

obey the court's preliminary order to produce Peter. But as both he and Mrs. Gross are now in the power of the court, they probably won't delay long in obeying a second order, should it be issued and if he is still in their custody.

A half dozen expensive detectives had worked most of a year on the case, but that was not unusual in the Gross family. Mrs. Gross had a dozen all at once in New York for a week trying to serve a paper on her husband. The ordinary process servers had been unable to find him in the ordinary places, so she sent the twelve sleuths out with his picture, description and orders to haunt sporting goods stores and any other place where fishing tackle was to be seen, for she knew by experience how hard it was to get him past one of those windows.

Finally word came that he had been seen and lost in the Wall Street district. At once Mrs. Gross ordered her dozen detectives to converge on the Aquarium at the Battery and, sure enough, there they found him gazing rapturously at a tank of barracuda. However, something made him suspicious and he left the place on the run. With the dozen at his heels he dived into the subway, hurdled a turnstile and almost but not quite caught a train that was just pulling out. Back he doubled and out another entrance with the sleuths in hot pursuit and got into a taxi. There his bad luck tripped him again. The taxi driver in his anxiety to help anyone escape from what looked to him like a small army of his own natural enemy, the plain clothes man, stalled the car and those papers were served on the captain.

The conditions and considerations which prompted a woman to be so generous to her husband in the first place were argued in court during the various proceedings. The couple had been married in 1922 at Algiers and after about a year Peter had been born when Mrs. Gross's mother was killed in an automobile accident. Mrs. Harrison left well over two million dollars to her daughter but before the inheritance tax, the courts and lawyers had gotten through with it, the legacy had been whittled down to $1,660,000.

Her husband had become uneasy in the diplomatic service because it was not paying him enough and was insisting on going to the Philippines to raise sugar cane. When this inheritance came to Mrs. Gross she divided the windfall 50-50 and handed her husband half on his solemn promise not to raise sugar or any other sort of cane but to always be a faithful husband to her all his life. This the captain agreed to do and says he fulfilled. Mrs. Gross, however, in telling the courts how it happened, said that she did it through fear of his threats of abandoning her and their new-born baby.

The captain denies that he ever made any threats of desertion and retorts that any woman with $1,660,000 doesn't need any husband to support and protect her and would not be likely to pay over half of it to buy such dubious love and support. He says that it was just a generous gesture to show the love she bore him at the time and to put him under obligations. Also he says that she did not like the Filipinos any better than he likes Mexicans, which was another consideration. Everything would have gone along all right, he thinks, if that persuasive Spaniard had not turned her head and her heart with the promise to make a Galli Curci of her. He and the Mexican got her entirely out of love with her husband.

If she must force him to give up his chance to go into business and make some real money in order to please her by remaining in the honorable and decorative but not very profitable diplomatic service, it was only fair that she should pay him some compensation, and he thought it not a dollar too much. However, in 1928, an agreement was made in Paris by which Captain Gross agreed to return one-quarter million of the fund in consideration of her releasing him from any obligation to support her.

After giving orders to the trustees to make over this amount, Mrs. Gross says that the captain arbitrarily rescinded them. Captain Gross, besides complaining that the agreement had been changed, said that he had been "bulldozed" into the agreement and that his wife had broken it by refusing to let him see his son Peter or to give into his custody their daughter Barbara. Another grievance was that he claimed some property that was to have been turned over to him was given instead to his wife's aunt, Mrs. Fairfax Harrison, of Washington, D. C. Last of all, he protested to the court that his wife would probably dissipate the money in theatrical ventures in attempts to be a prima donna.

But Charles A. Boston, Supreme Court referee, decided against him. In ordering Captain Gross to return the $250,000 the referee ruled that in the event of failing to do so the entire fund should be turned over to the court. Even so, for not realizing that she might change her mind about wanting that particular husband for the rest of her life, Mrs. Gross, instead of getting alimony, is $580,000 out of pocket. And the court squabble over what has become of little Peter still remains to be settled.

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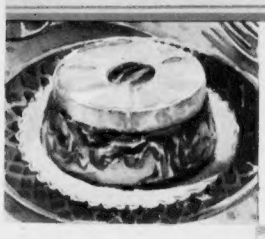
Taste it!

* in pancakes and fritters
* as a breakfast fruit
* in puddings and cakes
* in pies and tarts
* in omelets
* in salads
* with meats

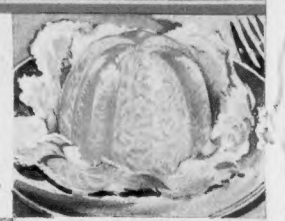
The finest pineapple ever grown– the new crop from Libby's Hawaiian plantations



Taste it in cakes! Individual upside-down cakes, each topped with a luscious golden slice of Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple (as shown at the left), make an unusually delightful dessert. And try this finer Libby's Pineapple, crushed, as a filling for layer cake—it's marvelous! Delicious with ice cream, too. Either used as a sauce on sundaes, or for pineapple sherbets and mousses.

There's a full-ripe goodness in the pineapple of Libby's wonderful new crop that can't be equalled. No wonder that crop is the talk of the islands, the marvel of Hawaiian pineapple growers!

Taste it for breakfast! Rolled French pancakes, like this one pictured at the left, made with a filling of Libby's Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, are delicious for Sunday morning breakfast. You'll find Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple, either sliced or crushed, is a delightful breakfast fruit for any or every day in the week. Its luscious tropic sweetness is enlivened by an invigorating tang that starts the morning right. Serve it just as it comes from the can; with hot or cold cereals; in omelets; with pancakes and waffles; or broiled with bacon, ham, or sausages.



Taste it with meats! Lamb or pork chops . . . roasts . . . sausages . . . ham . . . turkey or duck . . . not one of them but tastes better than ever with an accompaniment of Libby's Pineapple, lightly browned. Its tart-sweet, delicate flavor contrasts deliciously with the flavor of the meat—and, besides, its firm, golden slices look so pretty on the platter!

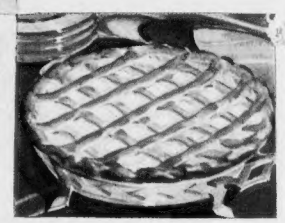
Of course you know how good it is in salads—but have you tried the combination shown at the right? Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple, cream cheese, dates . . . so simple, so delicious!

Taste it in puddings! Bread puddings, custard puddings, tapioca puddings, steamed puddings—they taste like entirely new desserts when you make them with Libby's luscious Hawaiian Pineapple. And, of course, rice puddings. Just try dressing up that old favorite as Pineapple Condé (see picture at right). A slice of Libby's Pineapple, a mound of rice, a spoonful of strawberry jam . . . and presto! you've a new dessert with all the *chic* of French cookery! And all the delightful flavor that makes this new Libby's Pineapple the best you've ever tasted.

Taste it in salads! Shown above is one of the scores of tempting salads that can be made with Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple, crushed or sliced. Here the crushed fruit is combined with orange sections in a gelatin mold flavored with pineapple juice drained from the fruit.

Don't fail to taste the pineapple of Libby's wonderful new crop—you'll find it's different from any you've ever tried before. More richly, fully flavored. Sweeter—and yet more zestful, too. Libby has worked for 20 years to bring you this finer pineapple. Taste it!

Taste it in pastries! Libby's Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple makes a pie that fairly melts in your mouth. And how good it is in turnovers! Try Libby's *Sliced* Pineapple in tarts . . . a filling of custard, and on top, a slice of the flawless golden fruit. It's inviting to look at, delectable to taste—this new Libby's Pineapple. And you can afford to serve it as often as you wish. For Libby's Hawaiian Pineapple is packed in cans of several different sizes, economically priced. And dealers are featuring special 2 can purchases.



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BUYING GUIDE

SIZE CAN	SLICED	CRUSHED	TIDBITS*
No. 2½	8 slices**	3½ cups	3½ cups
No. 2	8 slices	2½ cups	2½ cups
No. 1 tall	8 slices	1⅔ cups	1⅔ cups
No. 1 flat	4 slices	1¼ cups	1¼ cups
8 oz.		1 cup	1 cup

**Libby's Pineapple Tidbits are slices which have been cut into convenient bite uniform segments, all ready for use in salads or desserts. **Slices in the No. 2½ cans are larger in diameter than those in the No. 2, and the No. 2 slices are larger than those in the No. 1 cans*

How Diseases of Kings and Leaders Have Changed History

Modern Medical Study Diagnoses Ailments Which Afflicted St. Paul, Martin Luther, Joan of Arc and Other Strong Historical Characters and Spurred Them On to Their Achievements

Oldest Statue of Joan of Arc, Made Not Long After Her Death, and Showing Details of the Armor She Wore and Her Childish, Undeveloped Figure.

Wagrez's Painting of Joan of Arc as Joan Sees Her Vision and Hears the Voices.

St. Paul, Who Suddenly Saw a Great Light From Heaven, Fell to the Earth and Heard a Voice. The Distinguished Dean Inge, the British Prelate of the Episcopal Church, Declares That This Was an Epileptic Fit.

The Untimely Death of Charles V of Spain From Hardening of the Arteries Perhaps Changed the Whole Current of History.

David Slaying the Giant Goliath, One of the Masterpieces Made by Lucas Cranach to Illustrate Luther's Bible in 1545.

LONDON, Jan. 10.

DEAN INGE'S recent statement that St. Paul's conversion and inspiration were the result of an epileptic fit startled England. Many would not believe that the world could be so powerfully influenced by a mere disease in a man who up to that time had done nothing of importance.

Yet there is ample evidence of two outstanding facts in history—that the great wars and popular movements which have made history were forced on the masses by the determination of some strong individual, and that civilization has been made over for better or for worse by the grip of disease on the mind or body of a single great man or woman.

Dean Inge's recent statement calls attention to the most thorough collector of this evidence, Dr. C. MacLaurin, one of the most distinguished surgeons of Australia. His lectures on the subject of how diseases in great historical characters influenced their greatness have been compiled into a book "Post Mortems of Mere Mortals" published by Doubleday.

If Martin Luther had not suffered from a disease of the middle ear, it is asserted, he would not have thought the Devil was yelling at him all the time and there might not have been any Reformation; if Joan of Arc had not suffered from deficiency of some of the ductless glands, she would have grown up to be a healthy, normal peasant woman, instead of remaining in mind and womanly development a child, but France might still be a part of England; if Charles V of Spain hadn't had hardening of the arteries and died too soon and left a dull son who lived too long, Europe might now be all one country and there would never have been a Spanish Armada; if Marat had not suffered from paranoia and delusions of persecution, the French Revolution might not have occurred and if Frederick the Great had been normal he would have washed his face and hands once in a while, but he would not have been great.

Martin Luther and Joan of Arc both heard things that nobody else could hear. The Maid of Orleans was led to her triumphs and doom by angel voices. Luther was tormented by infernal crashings and whistlings in his ears that certainly did not come from heaven and therefore, he was certain, must be from Satan himself. Luther used to wake out of a sound sleep and yell back at his devil and once he threw an ink pot at him, and missed him, as shown by a spot on the wall of the Wartburg still to be seen.

Had he not felt from this evidence of his senses that the evil one was striving to interfere with his work, Luther would not have been so sure that it was his duty at all costs to go through with it. And without his driving personality, the Reformation could hardly have been accomplished, just as without the saintly apparition of Joan and her voices, the cowed and hopeless French could not have successfully defeated the conquering English.

According to Dr. MacLaurin both were driven to their high places in history by auditory hallucinations, but these came from two very different disorders. It happens that Martin Luther's symptoms were carefully recorded, which Dr. MacLaurin sums up and diagnoses as follows:

"From about the age of 30 he suffered from dreadful noises in the head, banging, thumping, whistling and crashing. These were accompanied by terrible attacks of giddiness, which sometimes actually caused him to fall from his stool and rendered work impossible. Towards middle life he became so neurasthenic that his mental condition seemed almost that of a lunatic, though certainly he never became one. But what did occur was that he began to suffer pains in the region of the heart, accompanied by a sense of dreadful oppression, so that sometimes he thought himself to be dying. As he grew older he became very deaf and his cardiac distress became more terrible.

"All these things were to Luther certain evidence that his personal devil was attacking him, yet all these can be explained easily—as Dr. Cabanes suggested—if we suppose that Luther was suffering from Meniere's disease of the labyrinth, a disease of the middle ear that occasionally attacks middle-aged and gouty people and is supposed to have added its tragedy to Dean Swift's already tragic life.

"The labyrinth is composed of the semi-circular canals, structures which assist us in maintaining our equilibrium. If anything goes wrong in these tiny tubes an unconquerable feeling of dizziness overwhelms us and it is thought that it is the washing this way and that of the fluid in these canals that causes seasickness.

"And the fact that Luther's deafness steadily increased as he grew older seems to show that it was really caused by Meniere's disease. In 1541 he seems to have suffered from middle-ear disease, accompanied by dreadful earaches and discharges from the ear; while this lasted he became quite deaf, but all the time the labyrinthine disorder was going on.

"Probably the pains in his heart and accompanying fear of death represented a gigantic rise in blood-pressure that would naturally occur in a man of such furious polemic zeal. And it may be that it possibly went as far as to cause angina pectoris. The accompanying fear of death certainly looks like angina, for there is no disease more frightful; the patient feels as though the very grave were yawning for him."

What a difference a course of salicylates and bromides prescribed by modern medical science would have made on the tormented reformer and through him, on the Reformation, Dr. MacLaurin suggests. If Luther had found that a couple of tablets provided by the doctor would drive away his roaring devil, he might have lived and died just a quiet, obscure monk.

Though everybody supposed that Luther's noises, heard only by him, came from the devil, his pains, deafness and ear-discharges were recognized for what they really were, symptoms of some sort of malady. In Joan's case nobody suspected that there was anything physically wrong with the saint, though her enemies accused her of witchcraft and various other theological offenses. Therefore the clues to her symptoms must be found in descriptions made for other purposes.

Briefly, Dr. MacLaurin's evidence is as follows: Her famous "voices" were first heard when Joan was at the age of thirteen, just when a girl starts to develop into a woman. Some months later the "voices" informed her that she would remain a virgin and save France, in accordance with an old prophecy that a woman would ruin the country and a virgin save it.

Important is the evidence of Joan's appearance. Sculptors and painters, out of their own imaginations, have usually depicted the Maid of Orleans as a typically feminine young woman. But Dr. MacLaurin shows that she was nothing of the sort. Today she would be considered as an extreme example of the flat-chested, boyish-formed girl. In those days, when the full, rounded curves of buxom womanhood were the style, this has a strong physiological and psychological meaning.

Joan, whether in armor or not, wore men's clothes exclusively. Her explanation was that she had received divine orders to do so because she was surrounded by men of the armies whose amatory desires would be excited by feminine garments, and she had been told that she was never to marry.

If Joan had possessed a woman's figure, men's clothes would have had the opposite effect of making her curves conspicuous. Joan and her voices were right because she had the figure of a boy, not a woman. Not only did she show no sign of a romantic thought toward any man, but no man among all that soldiery seems to have had one toward her, a most remarkable proof of lack of femininity.

There is the evidence of the women who examined her and others who saw her taking a sulphur bath. Their testimony is confirmed by the frank and intimate testimony of her steward and loyal admirer, Jean d'Aulons, at the Rehabilitation trial in 1456. Still another sign of her repressed femininity appears in Joan's puritanical fury at the woman camp followers of her armies. She vainly prohibited her soldiers from consorting with the women, and when they were caught, sometimes forced the men to marry them.

The soldiers rebelled at this punishment, and her intolerance was one of the causes of her ultimate downfall. So fanatical was Joan's hatred that she would often run after the prohibited women and strike them with her sword. In one case she killed the girl, which perhaps did not matter much, but in another her sword broke and that was serious, indeed. That was her holy sword, supposed to have belonged to Charles Martel and discovered and dug up for her benefit by the priests. The soldiers lost faith in a sword that would break over the head of a poor camp follower. King Charles, whose kingdom she was saving, remarked sensibly:

"Would not a stick have done quite as well?"

So strong had become her prejudice against feminine attire that even in prison after her first trial, in which she had been condemned to wear woman's clothes, she cast aside the pretty dress furnished her by the Duchess of Bedford, resumed her male costume and thus brought on her second trial and death.

"When people suffer from repression of the sex-complex," says Dr. MacLaurin, "the trouble may show itself either by constant, indirect attempts to find favor in the eyes of individuals of the opposite sex, or sometimes by actually forbidding all sex matters. Puritanism in these affairs is often an indication that all is not well with a woman's subconscious mind; nor can one confine this generalization to one sex.

"It is not for one moment to be thought that Joan ever had the slightest idea of what was the matter with her; the whole of her delusions and Puritanism were to her quite conscious and real; the only thing that she did not know was that her voices had no existence outside her own mind. Her frantic belief in them led her to an heroic career and to the stake. She did not consciously repress her sex; Nature did that for her."

Charles V, of Spain was the giant of his time. As Holy Roman Emperor, he ruled over the Netherlands, Burgundy, Spain, Austria and most of what is now Germany and Italy. His chief business was to settle the quarrel between his church and the protestants. He was an able general and successful ruler and though, as Gibbon says, he slaughtered more Christians than did all the pagan emperors put together, he revealed a high intelligence by which he might have brought about some sort of understanding if he had lived and kept his health. But he was a glutton and, at the age of thirty, had gout which at fifty, "flew to his head" with pyorrhea, high blood pressure, hardening of the arteries," Bright's disease and dropsy, forcing him to retire in favor of his son Philip, who inherited his father's bigotry without his intelligence. Says Dr. MacLaurin:

"If Charles had been content to live on milky food and drink less it is probable that he would have lived for years; he might have yielded to the constant entreaties of his friends and resumed the imperial crown; he might have taken into his strong hands the guidance of Spain and the Netherlands that was overwhelming Philip. His calm good sense might have averted the rising flood that ultimately led to the revolt of the Netherlands and averted the Spanish Armada, though it is improbable that he could have lived the thirty years to that date.

"But Spain might have avoided that arrogant behavior which has since his day caused so many of her troubles; with the substitution of Philip for Charles, at that critical time, she took a wrong turning from which she has never since recovered."

Dr. MacLaurin also diagnoses the background of disease that governed the actions of Henry VIII, Edward VI, Mary Tudor and Queen Elizabeth of England; how Ivan the Terrible of Russia got the insanity that made him terrible; what was the matter with Frederick the Great that made him great, and how various rulers and other important characters got that way. He even goes into the mass insanity and hopelessness of the dark ages that caused the pathetic tragedy of the Children's Crusade, which was embalmed in the legend of the "Pied Piper of Hamlen."

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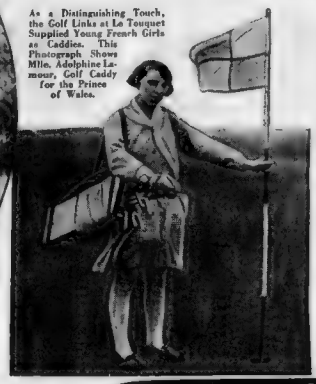
Ruined by the Ghost of a

The Newest, Most Luxu Gambling Resorts of Shocking Calam

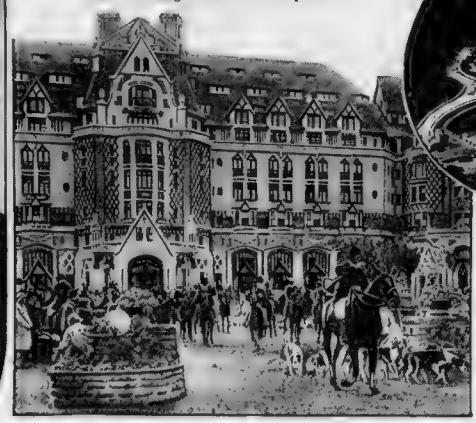
The Empty Bar in the Center of the Greatest Bar-Room in the World, Where Sixteen Bartenders Stood on Duty to Serve Their Wealthy, Fashionable and Titled Patrons With the World's Finest Wines and Liquors and Any Mixed Drink Which a Fastidious Patron Might Order.

French Police and Detectives of the Paris Surete Studying the Spot Where the Murdered Body of the Young Englishwoman, Mrs. Florence Wilson, Was Found Back of the Gambling Casino at Le Touquet.



As a Distinguishing Touch, the Golf Links at Le Touquet Supplied Young French Girls as Caddies. This Photograph Shows Mlle. Adolphine Lemoan, Golf Caddy for the Prince of Wales.

Lady Rosemary Ednam, Sister of the Duke of Sutherland, One of the Distinguished Party of English Society People Killed on Their Return from Le Touquet by the Unexplained Collapse of the Le Touquet-London Airplane Express.



Lively Scene in Front of the Royal Picardy Hotel—Now Closed, Deserted and Bankrupt.

Aeroplane View of the Magnificent

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PARIS, January 6.

THE ghost of a murdered guest has bankrupted the new $5,000,000 hotel, closed the splendid gaming casino, the bars, restaurants, shops, hotels, theatre and palatial villas, ruining Le Touquet, "Queen of the gambling and watering places of France."

In ten years this town on the Channel Coast, only thirty miles from England and one hour by aeroplane from London, had jumped from the ninth to the head of all French resorts. Deauville, Monte Carlo and all other places that strive for the money of the world's most extravagant spenders, watched in helpless envy as this gilded city arose and eclipsed them all. A syndicate of bold speculators had made it out of a stretch of good beach and several square miles of sand dunes, inhabited by rabbits and a few Picardy fishermen.

The promoters saw no evil omen in the historical fact that once before, in the days of Charlemagne, the city of Quentovic, a thriving town, had risen on that very spot, only to vanish so completely that even its ruins have been lost in the sands. Two seasons ago they had converted that desert into Le Touquet, also known as Paris Plage (Paris Beach), the rendezvous of fashionable spendthrifts from all over the world. It seemed impossible to build hotels and palatial villas renting at fabulous prices fast enough to accommodate the crowds that flocked to be seen spending their money where they had read that nobility and even royalty won and lost fortunes over the green cloth of the gaming tables.

Two seasons ago its jealous rivals admitted that Le Touquet was supreme—nothing could stop it now; and then, without warning, the triumphant resort received its death blow in the unsolved murder of Mrs. Florence Aline Wilson, an Englishwoman, who, in spite of her wealth, was employed, perhaps for the thrill of it, by the British Intelligence Department on international work. Among many theories for the crime is one that she was "executed" by what is known as the "international police."

Murders and suicides over gambling losses are common enough at Monte Carlo and Deauville, but if their ghosts haunt the gaming tables, as well they might, their presence seems never to have interfered with the play. But in Le Touquet somehow it was different. If the woman's own dead hand had spun the wheel or shuffled the cards, it could hardly have driven the superstitious gamblers away more effectively. A few days after the murder one of the players lost her last chip, started to buy more and then gave up her seat, remarking:

"No; there is no luck in this place since that Wilson woman was killed, and there won't be until they punish the murderer."

It was a silly, superstitious statement, yet it was repeated and approved, passing rapidly around the Casino and soon all over town. The woman was a very wealthy Baroness, who had been tossing her "buiscuits" (10,000 francs plaques) about the gaming tables with a careless abandon, as if they had been pennies. For some time she had been the most spectacular plunger, and therefore what she said and did was respectfully noted by the others. It so happened that just then most everyone had been losing, or imagined they had been losing, more than usual, and everyone agreed:

"You can't win till the Wilson murder is solved."

The murder happened on May 19, 1928. Mrs. Wilson's body was found with fourteen knife wounds, lying in the little forest just behind the Casino de le Foret, and from which the gambling palace gets its name. Her clothes had been torn and disarrayed, but her jewels had not been taken, and therefore the local police set it down at first as a "crime of passion." Had the murderer been caught at once or had there been no more to the case than that it would have soon been forgotten. What is a murder more or less to men and women who are staking fortunes on where a little ball will stop or what card will turn up?

Mrs. Wilson was a rich Englishwoman, with money enough to be seen at all the expensive resorts of Europe, sometimes with, sometimes without, her somewhat insignificant appearing husband, who had nothing to say. But Le Touquet was used to rich women with insignificant husbands. This one made himself a bit conspicuous by the remarkable calmness he showed, which seemed to the spectators like indifference, when he identified his wife's body with a nod and then walked away.

It was a queer audience watching that scene—American millionaires, European princes, celebrated painters and singers elbowing and jostling against spendthrift sons of Continental merchants and bejewelled Rajahs. A high-class Englishman does not like to reveal his emotions in public, and it was his privilege to hide them from those spectators, but it was generally thought that he carried his stoicism too far. Even the demi-mondaine, the gold-diggers with the hard, shifty eye of a criminal set in the serene face of a Madonna, muttered under their breath at him.

The police, however, were satisfied with his story. The Wilsons had played golf in the afternoon and taken tea at the Casino. After that the young wife had felt so much livelier than her older husband that she had declined to drive to the hotel with him in the car, preferring to walk, and walk she did to her death. When his wife did not turn up at the hotel within a reasonable time Mr. Wilson had searched in all likely places, and late that night notified the police.

In the morning, near the railroad tracks, where they pass through the little forest, the police found in the sand a large spot of blood and evidence of a struggle. With the aid of dogs they soon located the body hidden in a thicket not far away. An autopsy revealed that the crime was not so simple as it had first appeared. The victim had died not from the knife wounds, but from previous strangulation, and there was something peculiar even about this.

Her assailant had not throttled her with his fingers, for there were no finger marks on her throat. The choking had evidently been managed with some instrument large and soft enough to crush the cartilage of the Adam's apple without bruising the skin. This would have been a hard matter for one man to have managed all alone, and it began to seem probable that more than one murderer was involved.

It was then discovered that Mrs. Wilson for many years had belonged to the British Intelligence Service, registered under the number 187, and that she had been receiving daily mail at the post office under the name "May Flower," from England. While none of her money or jewels had been taken, it came out that something had caused to vanish a large leather portfolio containing papers which her husband said she never talked to him about.

With this international flavor, nobody was much surprised that detectives poured in from Lille, Boulogne, the Surete Generale of Paris and even from London. With such an extraordinary amount of talent at work on it the case surely ought to be cleared up in a hurry. Instead of becoming clearer, it became muddier, and before long some of the French papers were intimating that there were powerful governmental influences at work to shield the perpetrators.

Suspicion at first fell upon M. Matras, leader of the Casino orchestra, as he had been seen in the vicinity of that blood spot in the sand. The unfortunate musician gave a straightforward account of himself, and could only help the police by stating that he had seen a blond youth sitting beside his bicycle as he passed. At the request of the police he pointed out the location, and it proved to be that the young man had been sitting right on that blood spot, or at least where the spot was soon to be.

Matras was released in a few days, and, though the authorities gave him a clean bill, the Casino thought best to dismiss him, because his presence would suggest the crime to the gamblers. He returned to his native Argentine, but the story reached there ahead of him. He is a ruined man, the first of a long list to feel the blight of what Le Touquet calls "the Wilson ghost."

Several workmen and members of the private disguised police force that always guards a gambling resort where millions of dollars are being pushed back and forth over baize tables, were sufficiently close to the scene of the crime at the time Mrs. Wilson was on her way through the woods to have heard her outcries, if there had been any. It was further established that a tall, powerfully built man, blond, but not at all like the blond bicycle youth, had walked along the railroad track at just about that time. He had worn a trench coat, looked like an Englishman and smoked a pipe that was described as "smelling like English tobacco."

This man has never been identified, but a knife, with a loose blade of about the right size to have made the wounds, was picked up in the forest. Before the blade could be properly tested for finger prints it disappeared from the possession of the local police, and was soon followed by

a Murdered Guest

urious, the "Queen" of the Fashionable Europe, Le Touquet, Stricken by Two ities and the Royal Picardy Hotel, "Finest in the World," With Its Sixteen Bartenders, Goes Bankrupt

Gamblers Are as Superstitious as Savages of the Jungle, and the Mysterious and Unaccountable Murder of Mrs. Wilson Just Behind the Gambling Casino, and the Unexplained Crash of the Le Touquet-London Airplane Express With Its Distinguished Load of Pleasure Seekers, Built Up in the Minds of the Gamblers a Feeling That the Spectre of Ill Luck and Death Hovered Above the Gaming Tables.

the vanishing of even the handle. Who had taken it? A dozen detectives of various races had been allowed to examine the exhibits, and there was no way of telling. From the rather uncommunicative widower was drawn the fact that he was a former army officer, with small means, and that he had never known the source of his wife's apparent wealth. He admitted that she kept traveling on mysterious errands between London, Paris, Brussels, Monte Carlo, Geneva and other places.

Just before coming to Le Touquet she had spent some time in the French Sudan, going on a long camelback expedition into the hinterland, accompanied by a big blond English Intelligence Operative. Acquaintances of Mrs. Wilson came forward to mention that two days before the murder she had said:

"I am afraid of a man who is coming from Geneva. I don't dare to be alone."

Yet, curiously enough, her husband knew nothing of these fears. A considerable number of reporters descended on the wealthy little town as soon as the big European papers learned of the crime. Though these came from many countries, they quickly became acquainted with each other, all except one mysterious English correspondent, who kept to himself, said he was a "free lance" representing no paper in particular, but was seen to send every day long telegraph dispatches in code.

Royal Picardy Hotel.

The other English reporters decided this man was queer, turned detective, examined his baggage and found he was a member of their own War Office Intelligence Department and known to them as John Gills. The moment John saw he had been discovered he departed, probably to be replaced by someone under another guise.

Besides the disappearance of the knife, other strange things came to light. Mrs. Wilson, like her husband, was a Roman Catholic, and yet he had her body cremated almost at once. Also he had her underwear washed in carbolic acid, and burned her hat, gloves and shoes. Questioned about these acts, Mr. Wilson replied that he had done so with full consent and approval of the authorities. This was certainly true, and as one of the Paris papers sarcastically mentioned, probably at their suggestion and order.

These features of the crime kept it fresh in everybody's mind at Le Touquet, with the result that the saying spread throughout Europe that nobody would win there again until the Wilson mystery had been solved. As nobody is more superstitious than the people who frequent gambling houses, these had soon gone in search of luck at other resorts. The Casino, which had in five years seen its profits rise from $200,000 a season to $11,000,000, now watched its takings drop to almost nothing.

But it was not the Casino alone. As gambling is the real magnet that attracts the moneyed crowd to such places, the men and women did not linger long on the beach or at the hotels, and presently Le Touquet, at the height of its season, was fast becoming a city of croupiers without players, hotels without guests, waiters with nobody to serve and bartenders with nothing to do but polish the bars.

The syndicate, which up to that time had seen itself becoming billionaires and now saw ruin ahead, did not accept it without a fight. They did everything that millions and ingenuity could devise to drive away that ghost whose unseen hand froze the rivers of gold that should be rolling into Le Touquet.

Well-known personages were induced to let it be reported that they had won fortunes at the gaming tables. It was given out that Jenny Dolly, of the famous dancing sisters, had won 12,000,000 francs ($480,000) in two days' play, and that Mrs. John Factor, a Chicago society woman, had been almost as lucky. Some who know the ways of gambling places expressed doubts that these winnings were real. But it was true that King Alfonso of Spain had been induced to spend a few days in the almost deserted town, and after him came the Prince of Wales.

The papers of the world were duly informed that the heir to the English throne had made a spectacular haul one night at the Casino baccarat tables, winning $10,000 in a few minutes from Mrs. J. C. Parrish, an American visitor. The next day the Prince and his friends reserved a table for fourteen guests at the "Restaurant de la Foret." At the last minute, however, one of those invited was unable to come, and, all at once, just as they were about to take their places, someone noticed that there would be only thirteen.

Thirteen at table! What was to be done? Somehow it must be avoided. It was the manager of the restaurant who saved the situation. Suddenly inspired, he fetched a Grenadier Guard —one of those large and luxurious dolls which feature the gala nights at the Casino, and arranged this doll on a chair at the fourteenth place. Nothing could have been more appropriate—a British soldier of the Prince's own regiment. There he sat throughout the banquet, gravely and impassively keeping his place, a dignified guest, averting disaster!

But he did not avert disaster from Le Touquet. That place which should have been so gay and thronged now grew empty, cold and silent. The three golf courses and the forty tennis courts were idle, frogs began to croak boldly in the swimming pools, nobody appeared on the polo fields and nobody rode to hounds. The Prince of Wales and King Alfonso are a pair of social lions of such magnitude that their presence should be enough to bring crowds to any resort, even in the Desert of Sahara or at the North Pole. When that infallible combination failed for Le Touquet, its backers were frightened indeed.

Frantically the syndicate members urged the local authorities to solve the mystery somehow before the "Queen of France's resorts" was completely ruined. They offered money in unlimited quantities to catch the murderers of Mrs. Wilson. The result was a renewed burst of enthusiasm by the local police, now that the great sleuths from Paris, London and elsewhere had departed. In the midst of the excitement Andre Leloutre, a blond youth, came forward and confessed.

"Saved at last!" cried the syndicate, and saw that the glad news was cabled around the world that the Wilson murder had been solved, and therefore there was no longer any reason why people with money to risk should not return to Le Touquet and gamble to their heart's content.

Andre at the time of the killing was a youth of sixteen, son of a woman who sold vegetables in the neighboring town of Etaples, and he was acting as her delivery boy, using a bicycle. Orchestra Leader Matras, having disappeared in the Argentine, was not available to identify him as the youth he had seen, but that seemed hardly necessary, since he was confessing of his own free will, because he had "gotten religion." According to Andre's confession, he met the English woman just at the time and place which the police had fixed as those of the crime. He pointed to the exact spot on the sand, near the rails where the blood had been.

"I only wanted to kiss her," said Leloutre. "I killed her because she defended herself and because she hurt me. Every time I see a woman pass I feel an irresistible force in me that overwhelms me. When I saw the woman approach she was walking slowly, singing to herself. Her soft voice troubled me. As she passed she patted me gently on the head. I seized her by the waist—the scent of her perfume made me mad. We fought. She pulled my hair and scratched me. I drew out my knife and stabbed her. I then took my bicycle home and never used it again, so the police would not recognize me."

The Empty Table Where Petits-Chevaux (Little-Horses) Was Played at Le Touquet Casino.

He ran on glibly, relating how he had dragged the body to the thicket and on returning to get his bicycle saw the orchestra leader coming, and to keep him from noticing the blood spots had sat over them. He had meant to keep her handkerchief with its perfume that had maddened him, but finally threw it away at the spot where it had been found. As for the pressure strangulation, he said he had pressed his knee on her throat until she stopped struggling.

The knife he had thrown away, and it had been one of his mother's, used to clean vegetables. The confession fitted in beautifully with all the known facts, even to the verification that one of his mother's knives had indeed been missing since about that time. Then in the midst of the hysteria caused by the boy's confession a neighbor produced the missing knife, with the explanation that he had borrowed it and had forgotten to return it.

The police and most everyone else interested in the prosperity of Le Touquet wanted to believe the boy's confession, and they kept him locked up, but slowly other discrepancies came to light, and now hardly anyone has faith in it. It was a thing that has happened often in connection with outstanding crime mysteries—"exhibitionism." Andre was a backward youth, regarded as stupid and insignificant by the other boys, and, like many an older person, he had discovered that even the most dull and despised human being can make himself prominent if he commits a sufficiently revolting crime. It is a contemptible sort of eminence, but at least it makes everyone notice him.

In this case the crime had already been committed, and, like everyone else, Andre knew by heart the police theory of where and how it had been done, and that it was a crime of passion. For this dull-witted youth to become for a few days a figure of almost national importance the fool had only to confess, and he did. When doubts were cast on his story he pathetically tried to convince everyone of his guilt. In the hope of proving it he added several other chapters of crime, in which he claimed to have robbed bath-houses and to have attacked several other women. Fortunately no such offenses had been reported at the time he claimed for them, and even the syndicate regretfully set him down as a liar.

Two months later Andre's lie was eclipsed by another when a twenty-year-old factory worker walked into the Commissariat of Police at Condesur-Escaut and confessed that he had murdered Mrs. Wilson, saying that an American, now dead, had paid him 7,000 francs to commit the crime and had witnessed the killing from behind a bush. The youth is Michel Louis Gabriel Deray, employed at Valenciennes, and he told his tale to the police while crying bitterly, apparently with remorse and the weight of the secret on his conscience. Deray said the American took him to Paris from Le Touquet immediately after the murder. The alleged instigator of the crime also promised Deray a yearly payment of 1,000 francs for the rest of his life.

That seemed more plausible than the other. Europeans think Americans will buy anything—why not murder? Once more the glad news that Le Touquet's ghost had been laid was sent out, and once more it proved premature after the police of various parts of France had checked up on the story. In the end Deray was found to be another exhibitionist, who seeing the attention Andre had won for himself for a few days, thought he could do as well. He did, having his little day of shameful eminence.

When he was finally booted out of the station by the disgusted police he explained his lies by claiming that the police had stuck his face in a barrel of water every time that he did not give them the answer they wanted and that in the end he had "confessed" to save himself from being drowned. There was truth in this charge, but it was slightly twisted. The police had doused him once or twice until they persuaded him to admit that he was lying.

The effect of these two hoaxes was to keep

Continued on Page 18

Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

The Strange Story of a Master Crook Who Pitted Himself Against a Sinister Menace

"Slip the bracelets on this beauty, Walters!" Meredith Ordered. "He looks dangerous."

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

CAROLL COYLE comes to London in search of the famous Vladimir necklace of representation, and of Jacques Le Large to retrieve their heirloom. In order to register [illegible] and [illegible] is introduced. A final conference of the Black Rose secret service.

In another room with an ever changing scene are seen at one moment Jacques Le Large and Carroll Coyle. She is kidnaped from the hospital by Robert O'Brien. Warned after Professor Merriville an interna[illegible] specialist, goes and at last [illegible] Jacques Le Large. The Dragon [illegible] Professor at his conference. Baron Ivan Sazanoff reveals Russian [illegible] Red try to recover her secrets. The hiding place of [illegible] when they fall [illegible].

There Jacqueline meets Donald Meredith, the acquaintance of Ivan Fenton, but is only able [illegible] that she is without friends and in danger. Fenton fails to [illegible] her and in his efforts to rescue her nearly loses his life. He finally appeals to Detective-Inspector Meredith of Scotland Yard and Michael Corrigan a New York detective in London looking for Ivan Dragon.

Polo Vanzant an American girl crook and rejects a duel to [illegible] the Professor's followers. He tells his former confederate about the secret and agrees that [illegible] share the [illegible] to double-cross both the others and himself and run away with the jewels. But the Professor agrees to [illegible] the Baron. Polo uses a supply of Poloxon to [illegible] and suggests that they go out [illegible] an attempt to search for [illegible]. The Professor makes [illegible] such [illegible] [illegible] of the drug and then [illegible] Carroll [illegible] jewels [illegible] dinner of a bouquet [illegible] [illegible] room of the [illegible].

[illegible] Meredith in search of the [illegible] warns [illegible] Baron [illegible] suspicions of the [illegible]. Ivan Fenton [illegible] home [illegible] where the young man is [illegible] with a [illegible] for [illegible]. But the [illegible] [illegible] and Meredith [illegible] Fenton [illegible] who believed he knows where Jacqueline [illegible]

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Oliver won't keep me long; he's a so-called 'crime expert' on the Sun. Probably he's got some silly stunt to talk about." Then turning to the waiting sergeant: "All right, tell him I can give him two minutes, and no longer."

"Very well, Inspector."

Shortly afterwards, a short, thick-set man, wearing pince-nez, walked quickly into the room.

"Two minutes, you said, Inspector," he stated in a brisk tone. "All right! I want to make the most of my time! Sorry to hear of your accident—and I didn't know anyone else was here."

"Never mind Mr. Fenton—he's a friend of mine," said the Detective-Inspector. "Now, what's the stunt this time?"

"A wonderful idea," came the quick reply. "Have you heard of that new drug which the New York police are using called 'Polamin'?"

"New York police!" repeated the Scotland Yard man in humorous contempt. "Yes—I've heard of it. Why?"

"Only this" declared the reporter in triumph, "the truth-drug' discovered by a West End specialist today, and proved a success. Listen," continued the journalist. He unrolled a newspaper, and began to read:

SCIENCE SCORES A NEW SUCCESS — TRIUMPH OF TRUTH-DRUG LONDON TEST TODAY

A Harley Street specialist, Dr Arnold Carruthers, F. R. C. S., announces a new scientific success today.

Speaking to a representative of the Evening Sun this afternoon, he stated that he had shortly before put the new drug, called Polamin, which the New York police have used in extracting information of crimes, to a real test.

Although, in this case, "the truth-drug"—as it has been called—was employed merely to help restore a patient's memory, which had failed as the result of a street accident some two months previously, Dr. Carruthers is of the opinion that our own police authorities would be well advised to allow properly qualified medical men to administer Polamin in cases where a suspected person's innocence is in dispute.

"I have no possible doubt," he said, "but that popular opinion in this country will shortly demand that this new weapon in scientific research shall be employed in the investigation of crime in the future. It might be the means—as has been the case in America—of an innocent person being saved from the gallows."

"Holy smoke!" commented Meredith, reverting to the sardonic manner which had gained him the nickname of "The Joker" "We are getting on, aren't we?"

"Don't you laugh," admonished the reporter; "you just tell me what your view is about this. It seems a fine thing to me."

"It would" mocked the other. "What did you say the name of the doctor was?"

"Arnold Carruthers, 1125 Harley Street."

"I'd rather like a word with him," stated Meredith; "what the deuce does he mean by telling

(Continued on Page 19)

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(Continued on Page 19)

CHAPTER XXXI.

Paradise Street.

BACK in the former London headquarters of the Russian revolutionaries, Detective-Inspector Meredith turned to the man he had been afraid was dead.

"We have a couple of minutes before the car will be here," he said. "Now tell me: what about the girl? Here, old chap," he broke off suddenly, taking a flask from his pocket, "have a good pull at this. Now," lowering Fenton into the one chair the room contained — "gently does it!"

Fenton, after gulping a mouthful of the raw spirit, handed back the flask.

"That's better," he said; "sorry to be such a ghastly ass."

"Keep your breath," advised the Scotland Yard man. "Feeling O. K. now?"

"Quite. Why are you bandaged up, though?"

"I'll tell you about that later," replied Meredith grimly, "let's concentrate on the girl. Is it the one who's been going about with the Baron?"

"Yes. I haven't seen her—but she's somewhere near, I'm pretty certain. Just before I was knocked on the head last night, I heard them talking."

"The men in the room?"

"Yes. These Bolsheviks. One wanted to know where the Baron was staying—and the reply was 12 Paradise Street. I'm quite sure that's right, Meredith. Don't you see? If the Baron's there, the girl must be too."

"We soon find out," declared the other, "here's the car."

Before they left the room, the Scotland Yard Inspector detailed two men to go through the house and report to him later on what they found.

"They ought to come across some interesting stuff from my point of view," he confided to Fenton. "I have no doubt this house was used as the meeting place of spies and terrorist agents. But now we must get on. Mitchell!" he called to a detective. "You know this district pretty well, don't you?"

"Fairly well, Inspector."

"Where's Paradise Street?"

"About ten minutes away in the car. On the fringe of Limehouse."

In nine and a half minutes, to be exact, the car pulled up outside a corner-house in a disreputable-looking street. The district was sordid and mean.

"You know what to do," Meredith said to Mitchell; "directly the door opens, you put your foot inside and force your way through. We shall be after you. There are four of us; that ought to be enough for anything we may meet inside."

There was no response for some little while after Mitchell had knocked on the shabby door. But, just as Meredith was contemplating putting his broad shoulder against the framework, shuffling footsteps were heard from inside, and the door was cautiously opened.

A hideous-looking hag peered out at them.

"Yes, gentlemen?" she asked, in a voice that held a strong French accent.

Meredith forgot his manners. Usually courteous towards ladies, he now ignored the question and, pushing the door and the woman on one side, stood in the hall.

"We're police officers," he announced; "and we intend going through this house. Lies won't help you—remember that. Tell me quickly—what people are living here?"

The hag began to whine.

"There is only me and my son, Paul," she replied. But mendacity was written all over her repulsive face.

"Only you and your son, Paul, eh? We'll soon see," summed up the Detective-Inspector. "What are you two doing in this house all alone, then?"

"Occasionally I let out rooms. I should have told you, perhaps, that I have two foreign gentlemen staying with me now."

Meredith broke into a broad smile.

"We're on the way," he said to Fenton. And then, turning to the woman: "Where are those foreign gentlemen now?"

"They are out."

"Ah! And where's this son of yours?"

"He's in the kitchen. Would you like to see him?"

"Call him," ordered Meredith. "No, don't call him! Fetch him—and I'll come, too."

Fenton instinctively put a hand to his pocket, and then softly cursed. Of course, his revolver had been taken from him when he was captured.

"Be careful, Meredith," he said in a low tone.

"Don't worry about me." The speaker patted a right-hand pocket of his overcoat.

Once Meredith had disappeared, Fenton could not restrain his impatience.

"I'm going to have a look 'round myself," he told the detective.

Mitchell, the man he particularly addressed, nodded understandingly.

There was little to be seen in that hovel of a house until he reached a bedroom on the first floor. The nature of this poorly-furnished room showed clearly that it had been used—and used recently—by a woman. On the make-shift dressing table were a few articles of feminine toilet, while, resting on the narrow bed was a nightdress case. This was empty.

Fenton went round that room like a hound on the scent. Something told him that only a few hours before Jacqueline had been walking on those same boards, breathing that same atmosphere.

Soon he obtained a definite clue. Beneath a hard pillow was a handkerchief. Picking this up, he examined it minutely—and there, in one corner, were the initials "J. C."

J C

What did the "J" stand for, Jacqueline? It must, he told himself.

He ran down-stairs. In the passage, Meredith was examining the woman again. By the side of the woman was a brute of a hunchback with an animal-like face. And this creature had been staying in the same house as Jacqueline.

"She's been living here," he announced to Meredith. "In a bedroom up-stairs I found this handkerchief—which I'm sure belongs to her. Look, the initials—J. C."

Meredith wasted no further time.

"Take them both to the station," he ordered Mitchell "Shut up, you," he said gruffly to the woman, who had commenced to scream; "you'll have plenty of time to do that later on. Ah, would you?" as the hunchback seemed about to spring at him. "Slip the bracelets on this beauty, Walters!" Meredith ordered. "He looks dangerous."

With the two prisoners gone, Meredith and Fenton made a systematic search of the house. But beyond the handkerchief in the girl's bedroom, no clue of any importance was discovered. Two other bedrooms had obviously been occupied by two men, but a search of the few clothes hanging up revealed nothing.

"That doesn't prove that the two 'foreign gentlemen' weren't the Baron and his pal," summed up the Detective-Inspector; "anyway, it's pretty certain that, although they may have gone out for a walk, one or other of them will return. I'll put a man in here and later in the day there ought to be some interesting developments."

"I don't care about the men," cried Fenton. "I'm anxious about the girl."

"Find the Baron, and we find the girl," replied Meredith; "thanks to that servant of yours, we look like having some luck at last."

But as no profitable word came from Paradise Street, Meredith was forced to confess, several hours later, that apparently the birds had flown.

"It's uncanny, though, their getting away like that," he declared. "I cannot think how they possibly have had any warning."

Fenton groaned.

"The whole thing's devilish," he said.

Meredith shook his head reprovingly.

"I wouldn't go so far as that," he corrected; "you might even have been out of the hunt for good; be thankful you're still alive, my boy!"

At this point, there came one of the many interruptions which filled the busy day of the Detective-Inspector.

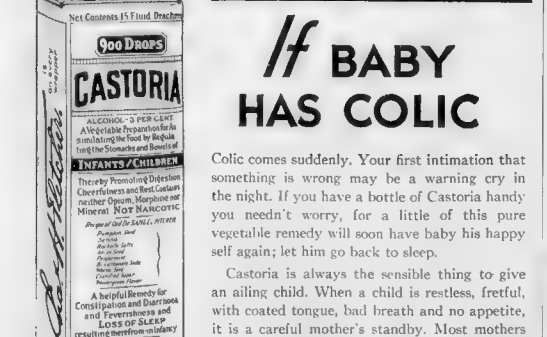
The sergeant with whose features Fenton was now familiar, announced a visitor.

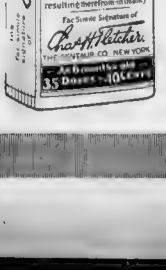
"I can't see anyone," grumbled Meredith.

"It's Mr. Oliver of the Evening Sun; he says he wants you to give him two minutes very urgently."

Fenton rose.

"I'll go," he said.

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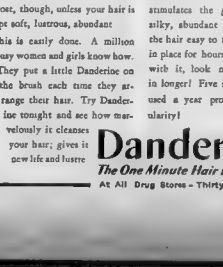

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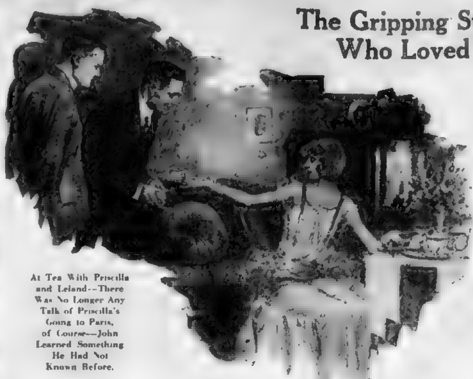

At Tea With Priscilla and Leland—There Was No Longer Any Talk of Priscilla's Going to Paris, of Course—John Learned Something He Had Not Known Before.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

DANGERFIELD HOUSE, ancestral Long Island home of the Dangerfields ... [illegible]

Brook throws herself into the reckless gaieties of a wild younger crowd ... [illegible] ... Brook goes to see Emily late at night ... [illegible] ... find that she has left the house. Suspecting that Emily is with Allan, she drives to their usual rendezvous and finds them prepared to elope ... [illegible] ... a muffled crash comes to her ears. ... [illegible] ... with Allan dead and Emily dying.

Brook hurries Emily home and when Arthur returns ... [illegible] ... and Emily dies shortly afterward.

John Sherman passes the scene of the wreck a few months later and finds Emily's dressing case beneath Allan's body. He hastens to Arthur as soon as he hears about Emily and the butler gives him Emily's letter to her husband. John reads it and realizes what Brook has done to keep ... [illegible] ... Brook ... the only ones who know the whole truth.

Brook's gaiety ... [illegible] ... and Arthur, believing that Emily was trying to save Brook from her ... [illegible] ... to hate the girl.

Leslie Braddock, a big shot of the underworld, calls and shows Brook a copy of Emily's last letter to her husband. He demands $50,000 or he will turn the letter over to the newspapers. Brook is unable to raise the money and when she goes to the hut in the clearing—where Allan and Emily met the night of their death—to ask for more time ... [illegible] ... In the struggle Brook shoots Brad ... [illegible] ... she makes a complete confession.

John Sherman's lawyer tells him that the State has a strong case against Brook, who is in jail.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Dark Moments.

THEY brought John Sherman to see Brook and he found her looking out of the barred window of her cell. When she turned her head, his question was answered. He saw no guilt in her face. He beheld only the child of the woman he had loved, but thinner, sadder, older. It was as if Time had laid a finger on the brightness of the youth that had been hers, and had said, "The moment has come to let this go!" And it had gone, never to be part of her again.

But she was dearer than ever, he told himself, as he took her in his arms. She was a thousand times dearer.

"How did they let you come to see me?" she asked, when John's agitation had, in some measure, disappeared.

"Because I am who I am, I suppose," he said. "And because there are many things we must talk about." He searched for some sign of evasion, or embarrassment in her face, but there was none.

"What kind of things?" she asked, quite in her old tone of voice.

It was he who did not know how to go on.

"I had thought," he said, at last, "I had hoped, rather, that you might have something to tell me, Brook."

She was gazing out through the window, at a sky that was barred with iron. "You think I have a secret, is that it?" she asked.

"I shall not think it, unless you force me to," he told her.

She smiled faintly.

"We all have secrets," she said. "Have you none of your own?"

He saw that she was not alluding to his knowledge of her love for Arthur, to his knowledge of how Emily met death, for she could not know he possessed such knowledge. She was speaking of other secrets, secrets which had become his in his ruthless climb to the pinnacle of power.

"I perceive you are not going to tell me anything more," he said, at last.

"I killed the man to defend myself," she said, with simplicity. "What more is there to tell?"

Afterward, John went into conference with his attorney, who was gravely doubtful.

"You would prefer to relinquish the case, then?" John asked.

The attorney considered. "McCauley is going to prosecute," he said, slowly. "And I believe—I am afraid, rather, that he is going to ask for a verdict of murder in the first degree!"

"But that is ridiculous!" cried John Sherman.

"No, it isn't," contradicted the attorney. "Miss Dangerfield has confessed to the murder—and beyond the fact that the man was in the habit of carrying a gun, there is nothing to support her statement that the death weapon was his."

John moved impatiently. "I see you are afraid of defeat," he said. "I shall get Adams."

But if Adams was attracted by the golden bait held out, he was also candid, and quite honest.

"Do you happen to know," he asked his famous client, "that Miss Dangerfield was, in your absence, among those present when the Wesley Holmes Club was raided last month? Or that her license has been revoked because of three arrests for speeding?"

He leaned forward.

"And do you happen to know, also, the effect these things, stated in McCauley's deadly manner, will have on a jury? A jury of fathers, let us say, for McCauley will challenge anyone not married and a father, if I know him! A jury of fathers, let us say, whose daughters do not go to night clubs, who have no powerful roadsters with which to break the law down on the Jericho Turnpike!"

And as he spoke, John seemed to see, closing about Brook's feet, a net, made up of a thousand little gossamer strands become, with the discharge of a bullet, strong as welded metal.

"Then you, too, prefer not to appear as Miss Dangerfield's attorney?" he said.

Adams smiled. "Nonsense," he returned. "I wouldn't miss it even if I were to do it for nothing." He looked at John. "The girl is young and lovely. If she only does as she's told, she may twist McCauley's hand-picked coterie of fathers about her little finger!"

John rose. "Very well. Take the case, and if you succeed in freeing her," he said, "you can ask what you will as a fee." He smiled wryly. "But it is quite evident, from your last words, that you have never met Brook Dangerfield."

And he went out, leaving Adams to pull his little mustache in puzzlement.

At tea with Priscilla and Leland—there was no longer any talk of Priscilla's going to Paris, of course—John learned something he had not known before.

"This Braddock used to spend a good deal of time at the 'Golden Dog,'" said Leland. "And Brook and I have been there at different times. We'd stop in to dance for an hour, and eat something."

"In other words," asked John with contempt, "you're kind enough to believe, with others, that there was some sort of guilty acquaintance between Brook and this man?"

Leland met his father's glance squarely. "I don't believe it," he returned. "And if I did, it would make no difference. For my feeling for Brook is beyond being changed by anything that she could ever say, or do. But I do mean there is a possibility that she may have met the man there. After all, she must have known him to go to a place like the clearing with him!"

Priscilla spoke.

"That is what frightens me most," she said. "For Brook once told me she had a horror of the clearing. If she—if she did mean to—to kill him, isn't the clearing the place she might have thought of first?"

John passed his hand across his eyes. Brook had once asked him to pull down the little cabin, he remembered; he wished now that he had. Yet he knew that, had the crime not happened here, it would have happened elsewhere.

So he let the cabin stay, and he and Leland remained at a hotel in New York. Had he once gone back, things might have been different. But the estate on Long Island, that estate which was so tremendous it was an island of feudal splendor in the sea of a modern civilization, was, for him, so fraught with the memory of unhappiness that he could not bear the thought of living there.

So the days lengthened into weeks, and Adams found Brook no more hopeful as a prospect for acquittal than had his predecessor.

"Why, look here! The other day I was talking to her and at the end of a half hour I found she hadn't been hearing a word I said!" he told John.

John nodded moodily. "Yes, I can believe it," he returned. "I have an idea that Brook's worst witness at the trial will be none other than Brook herself! But there is nothing we can do. I have known her since she was born, and that is quite long enough for me to be able to tell you there is nothing we can do." He thought. "What were you and Brook speaking of?" he asked.

"The defendant's clothes," said the attorney.

John frowned. "You mean what she should wear at the trial?"

"And why not?" demanded Adams. "The costume of Brook Dangerfield, about to go driving, or dancing, or dining, is of no consequence. The costume of Brook Dangerfield, on trial for murder, however, becomes of the highest importance!"

John smiled, but sadly. "I think I know what she will wear," he said. "And do not fear, Adams, that it will be the wrong thing. It will be the wisest choice possible, but Brook herself will be the last to know it."

And for the second time Adams was puzzled and a little uncertain as to whether he should have taken this case, a case filled with persons whose minds were dark passages down which they steadfastly refused to let well-meaning lawyers shed the benign influence of Blackstone.

When Adams said Brook hadn't heard a word he was saying, he was quite correct. She had been thinking about two matters that had caused her a good deal of bewilderment in the past weeks; the matter of the letter and the matter of the weapon.

"I never saw the letter, the real letter, in Emily's handwriting," she thought. "I saw only an envelope. Isn't it possible that I was right when I said there might never have been any letter? That that man may have been near the clearing or near the little road the night Emily died?" And having thought about the letter, she passed on to the matter of the weapon. She was sure, looking back, that she had hurled the weapon from her, into the snow. But she was also sure, looking back, that she might have done anything in the horror of the moment when she realized he was dead.

For he was dead, was Leslie Braddock. Indeed, in the whole dreadful business, this seemed to be the one fact that stood out clear and uncontestable. He was dead, and the underworld had come up out of the depths for a day, to see the bronze coffin lowered into a grave as wide and deep as that dug for men who have walked in uprightness all their lives.

So Brook, having thought of the letter and the weapon, thought now of Arthur and Allan.

"Even if I had the letter," she said to herself, "could I hold it up now, for the whole world to read it? To break Arthur's heart and blacken the memory of Allan?" She smiled to herself, a rueful little smile. She did not have the letter to use; and if she had it, how could she bring herself to hide behind its shameful contents?

And then she thought about Arthur alone. "Do I still love him?" she wondered. For he had done nothing, certainly, to make her persist in an attachment so thankless.

"He has not even cared enough to come," she said. "He has sent only a message."

But Arthur had come; it was the first time he had been on Long Island since the day he quitted it to go abroad. But he had come only so far as the gate of the little county jail where Brook was a prisoner. And at the very door, the memory of Emily had turned his feet about, and he had gone to see Richard Dangerfield instead. But Richard Dangerfield was still ill; he had been taken ill a few hours after the memorable incident in the library. And Toby, shuffling along the wide hall to open the door to Arthur, told him that his

(Continued on Page 16)

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely.

To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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FOR THE THROAT • MOUTH • NOSE

The Reluctant Dawn — by Hazel Christie Macdonald

(Continued from Page 14)

matter lay in bed the livelong day and night and slept.

"He don't even seem to remember Miz' Brook," said Toby. "I kept sometimes he wakes up, and ask if she is home yet? Like he had run over to Mistuh Sherman's or Miz' Priscilla's."

He stood uncertainly, something in his hand. "Mistuh Neil, sir," he said, at last, "do you think p'raps if I was to lie about that—that man saying as how he knew Miz' Brook that would help? If I was to say I'd made a mistake, that I jus' thought he said he knew her?"

"No, don't lie, tell the truth, Toby," said Arthur, gently. "You can best help your young mistress by telling the truth. Besides, they would find it out anyway. They have a habit of finding out everything on the witness stand, Toby."

And on the day before the trial, Arthur went to see Brook. As always, though, there seemed to be, between these two, something that refused to let them be friends.

"I suppose you have wondered why I did not come before," said Arthur, when at last they stood on either side of the grating through which prisoners spoke to visitors.

"I knew," she said, "that I should see you, when it became more uncomfortable to remain away than to come." And because it was the truth, he was at once angered.

"And yet," he said, "I remember I once spoke to you. I said something that should have been——"

"Been a warning?" she finished for him. "You mean, about our being careless youngsters?" She shook her head.

"No warning could have prevented this," she told him.

So Arthur left her, as he always left her, with a strange and infuriating sense that she had been victorious in the encounter.

When he had gone, Brook sat down on her cot. She had been, as usual, reading but now, made curious by his words, she went back to the beginning of the train of incidents which had led her to this place and pass. Suppose she had met Arthur in Paris—would the meeting have changed anything? Suppose, missing him, he had yet succeeded in lighting his cigarette in the storm, and she had seen his face, and he hers? Would that have made any difference? Suppose Allan Kent's aunt had died a month earlier? Or that Allan had not, in some moment of hungering after strength, had the impulse to go to his aunt? She saw how they had all been tricked by Fate, doubly tricked. For there had been a hundred little chances of escape, but their own temperaments and natures had urged them on to the end waiting for each of them.

And then Brook returned, as she always did, to the two questions she could not answer. Assuming there was a letter, where had it come from? Assuming there was a letter, where had it gone to? For there had been no mention of any letter found on Leslie Bradford's body; there had been but a white envelope—empty! There had been no more sign of a letter than there had been of a weapon.

On the afternoon before the trial was to open, Adams went to see his client, quite blissfully unaware there had ever been a letter, came knowing only what the man in the street knew, if the truth were known, namely, that his client said she had shot in self-defense, and thereafter, refused to say anything more.

"I shall tell my story in my own way, I think," said Brook, when he had carefully explained to her that one sat so on the witness stand, one spoke thus, one acted according to a sort of unwritten code laid down for ladies who had done what Brook had done.

"I shall tell it in my own way," repeated Brook. "Or I may not tell it at all. I have not yet decided."

He stared at her aghast. "But, Miss Dangerfield," he cried, "do you realize that it is an admission of guilt not to take the stand?"

She sighed. "I said long ago that I had killed him," she reminded the attorney. "How can tomorrow make any difference one way or the other?"

But when Adams saw John Sherman an hour later, he reported with triumph, that she had been in tears when he left.

"She's frightened, at last," he said. "I knew I'd bring her to her senses, in time."

John looked at him. "He hasn't the faintest conception of the mind of this girl whom he expects to defend," he thought. "He sees her hysterical on the stand, he sees himself swaying the jury with eloquence that is not quite the real thing, and at the end of the trial, he sees acquittal! Oh, my poor, poor Brook!"

But Adams had been right about the tears, as John found when he saw Brook a bit later. There were still traces of them on her cheeks.

"Yes, I have been crying," she admitted, when John put out a finger and touched her eyes. "I think I have been grieving a little for the death of my dream. That is not cowardly, is it?"

John was silent. "And this is what Adams took for fright," he said to himself. Then, aloud to Brook, "No, it is not cowardly, child. We all do it once in our lives—except those of us who have no dreams."

"I have been looking back," she went on, "at many things." And she put out a hand and touched the grating.

"We are all prisoners," said the man sitting opposite her. "Captive to the things within us, to the things without."

He stole a look at her face.

"When we would be free, like ships sweeping onward towards the sea, we cannot. Our impulses, good and bad alike, hold us chained. How many times have we all done things because not to do them would cause someone pain? How many times have we not done things, because we were, perhaps, shielding someone?"

He looked stealthily at her for the second time, trying to learn from her expression if her thoughts were on Arthur, or the events of the night of Emily's death.

"If I can only break her down to speak of that to me," he said to himself, "I shall get at the truth which lies behind the killing of Leslie Braddock!"

But her mind did not, apparently, go to Arthur, or Emily, at all.

"I have been thinking," she told him, disconcertingly, "of Sister Antonia! I think she would be glad to hear that I am in danger or trouble!"

He was shocked, and his face showed it.

"It is a terrible thought to have," she said, when she saw his expression. "But it is the one that comes to me. Sister Antonia would be glad and Mother Constantine would be very, very sorry."

He wanted, seeing that she had gone on some excursion of her own, into the past.

"I have been remembering," she said, after a minute, "how one afternoon, we all went, from school, to the circus. Only it was not really a circus, with lions and tigers, you know. It was just a couple of performing dogs, and some clowns and a lady in pink tulle, on a pony that galloped in circles. It would not be considered a circus here at all, I suppose. But Sister Antonia permitted us to eat candy and drink vichy water colored green, and so we had an enchanting afternoon." She stopped.

"But towards evening, Sister Bathilde had to go on an errand into the village, and we were allowed to accompany her. And there were the dogs, and the clowns, and the pretty lady. And the dogs were quite—quite ordinary. And the clowns were all wrinkles, and not merry at all. And the pretty lady was buying some scraps of meat and screaming at the butcher—and she was quite old—as old as Mother Constantine."

She stopped.

"And you think that is like life, do you?" asked John. "Well, so it is, but you are not alone in your disillusionment, my dear. It is the common experience of us all. We are all at the circus or coming home from it. We are sad in love with the pretty lady, and her slippered feet have made rents in our hearts, or else we have got older, and seen her in the village street, and nearly died of the disappointment."

But when he attempted to take Brook's hands in his, she resisted. "Don't!" she said, with fierceness. "You forget what they have done!" But, at that, he seized them and held them tight against her struggles.

"Brook! Brook!" John Sherman cried. "The time is getting so short! Let us talk of the things that must be talked of!"

Her tone when she answered was passion itself. "You mean, let us talk of their sending me to prison tomorrow?" she said. "And if they send me to prison for what I have done, what of it? Perhaps it is better that I should be there, where I can harm no one else. The Dangerfields have always been disobedient. There are times when I think they will continue to be so, till they are in their graves and can disobey no more!"

And he knew she was thinking of Emily at last. But it was too late to do anything more now, for John's time was up; he could only kiss her farewell and go. When he got to the turn of the corridor, he looked back, and saw her sitting on the edge of her cot.

"She expects nothing and hopes for nothing tomorrow," he thought.

And indeed, he himself, as he went away, was afraid to think what the morrow might bring. For he feared McCauley, with his dread record of convictions of both men and women. He feared McCauley's "surprises," those "surprises" as terrible as anything the Inquisition had ever boasted. For he had heard that McCauley was preparing one now for Brook Dangerfield, that he was going to bring it forth on the second day, and that, against it, her statement that she had shot with Braddock's own gun would be unavailing and powerless.

"She has learned, to her sorrow," he thought, "what it means to come home to Dangerfield House!"

CHAPTER XXVII.

On Trial.

JOHN SHERMAN had never before been at a trial of this kind. But Arthur had.

"They're ghastly," he said, and he said it with such loathing and had seemed, to John, so clearly to shrink from the idea of coming that the latter had suggested he stay home. But Arthur would

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This, together with the fact that Tee-Emt never even causes a sensation of soreness, aching, tired, burning feet and makes it a real treat to have corns or callouses removed, explains the world-wide success given this drug preparation.

Tired, aching feet, hard corns, soft corns, corns between the toes, or painful callouses, should not be endured and only makes it seem the height of folly for anyone to have a corn and people are warned to stop it.

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Read His Letter for the Answer

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Helen Lang Says It's The Best Way To Stay Young Looking

"What shall I do, my hair is getting gray?" I recommend only one preparation and I've tried them all. It's an improved formula made from that wonderful old recipe of sage tea and sulphur. It is easy to use. Gray disappears overnight. And after two or three applications hair is restored to the exact shade you want, so evenly, so naturally, nobody'll ever know. Just pay your druggist 75c for a large bottle of Wyeth's Sage & Sulphur and follow the simple directions.

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The actresses famous for their charm the world over use Lux Toilet Soap, and have for years. So well-known is their preference for this fragrant, beautifully white soap that it is found in theater dressing rooms everywhere . . . is official in *all* the great film studios.

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The Reluctant Dawn — by Hazel Christie MacDonald

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not hear of this at all. Pale, nervous, worn, he had said he would not consider anything but being there.

"Arthur was right—they are ghastly," thought John, as he came, with Arthur, into the courtroom and saw how the people had flocked to the place. For a moment, he surveyed them with a kind of contempt; it was a small court house, just a county court house, and some of the people had come to Long Island to stand in line since dawn, enduring hours of bitterest cold, and counting it as nothing, so they had their chance to see this prisoner racked.

"Who are the people in front?" asked Priscilla. "The ones that seem so uninterested?"

"That is the press box," answered John. "This is just another trial to them and they think they already know all the motives which can actuate a human being to kill, so they take the matter calmly."

"It is the women who are worst," said Arthur, on the other side of him. "There is one over there. I should enjoy, I think, striking her!"

John smiled faintly. And then it occurred to him that he had never, in all his years of knowing Arthur, heard him make so savagely elemental a statement. But while he was thinking about it, and wondering, Grayson, sitting beyond Priscilla, spoke.

"What do the women matter?" he asked. "Or the men, either? Brook won't even know they are here."

And John saw that Grayson, out of his knowledge of the Dangerfield temperament, spoke the truth.

Adams came in, a clerk carrying his papers. He was worried, as John well knew, but over the worry he had arranged a kind of bright confiding briskness, so that, unless you knew him quite well, you did not see the worry at all, but thought him practically confident of acquittal.

And shortly after, Brook was brought in, and the tension in the room broke, as a wave breaks, into little murmurings and rustlings, and movings of feet, till the pounding of the Judge's gavel brought it to an end so suddenly that the resulting silence left you high and dry in astonishment.

She was dressed precisely as John had known she would be, in a frock of black, with white at her neck and wrists.

"Why, it —it is one of the frocks she brought home from the convent," said Priscilla. "What a child she looks in it."

And it was true. Except that few children had ever borne in their faces such steadfastness, such courage, such sadness.

"So thin," murmured John.

"So beautiful!" said a voice, and it was Arthur's.

John alone had heard him speak, and when he turned, he saw that Arthur had suddenly put his hand to his eyes.

"What are they waiting for?" asked Leland, who was behind them. But it was only one of the talesmen, who was undecided, as talesmen are, and who could not make up his mind whether he did, or did not, approve of the State's taking the life of its enemies to society. And then, suddenly, he seemed to believe he did approve, and was accepted. The day went, there was a recess for lunch, and afterwards, the same weary routine went on as before. But when the day ended, the twelve men who held in their hands Brook's fate had been chosen, and Adams was right when he said that they would all and everyone be married, middle-aged, and fathers.

"Let us go in to New York," said Grayson, when the session was over. "We are no good at Dangerfield House, for father doesn't even know us."

So they all went in to New York, and, after dinner, sat in the living room of John Sherman's suite. And although they talked about everything but Brook, always the spectre of the morrow lay over them, and in the silences they saw Brook as they had seen her in the afternoon, grave and wan and holding clasped on the table in front of her the hands which had taken a human life.

"I used not to believe it," said Leland, who was pacing about restlessly, "when I heard it said it was easier to be on trial yourself than to have anyone you love suffer the ordeal."

Grayson had been staring into the fire. Now he spoke to Priscilla and his words amazed them all.

"Brook, Brook!" John Sherman Cried. "The time is getting so short! Let us talk of the things that must be talked of!"

"You have always been good to Brook," he said. "I have never thanked you for it but I thank you now."

Priscilla herself was astounded. "It is the first kind word he has ever said to me," she thought and a slow flush crept up and dyed her cheeks and brow.

Arthur had missed it all, however; he had never been aware that a gulf existed between Grayson and Grayson's wife, and he was burned in thoughts of his own at the moment Grayson spoke. He was thinking of Brook.

"Is it possible that I do not hate her? But love her?" he said to himself. And he was filled with shame at the idea that he could so soon have forgotten Emily, Emily who had tried to curb Brook's waywardness. But the shame and the shock passed, and he was thinking of Brook still. Thinking of her as he had seen her last, alone, looking at him through the grating and saying, so surely, so quietly, so definitely, "No warning could have prevented this!" He put his hand to his eyes, again. And when he took it down, Leland Sherman was watching him.

* * *

The night had brought, they saw next morning, no changes of any consequence to the courtroom. Two of the jurors had apparently, changed their suits, but as no one looked at the jury any more it did not matter. And some of the people who had got in yesterday had not been so successful today, but this did not matter greatly either, since most of the faces in the courtroom carried rather the same expression compounded of eagerness, curiosity, and latent cruelty.

It became evident, quite early in the morning, that the prosecution was going to spare Brook nothing. It had witnesses, bull-necked, and given to shoes of an exceeding yellowness, witnesses who spoke in an argot that had, at intervals, to be translated to the Judge; witnesses, who, while on the stand, looked about uncomfortably, as if they were not any too sure of escaping from the court room themselves without being made prisoners

Mr. Tony Natanza was one of these. He had some difficulty in describing his occupation to the Court, but, at last, it seemed clear enough; his duties consisted in walking behind the man who had been murdered, in being sharp and alert, and on the lookout for people who seemed to—to—double Leslie Braddeck. Questioned by the counsel for the defense, Mr. Natanza rather indignantly stated he did not have the faintest idea if Mr. Braddock had enemies. Nor did Mr. Natanza carry a gun. Yes, he admitted that he had been arrested at various times, and accused of having firearms, to which he had no clear right, but he did not try to conceal his surprise at the insinuation he would carry a gun to protect Leslie Braddock. He went so far as to invite the Judge to search his pockets on the spot, but the Court, quite evidently not understanding, threatened to have Mr. Natanza committed, thus throwing the witness into confusion.

His testimony was important, however. Because it was true. For, much as you might distrust the shifty eyes, the tight hard line of mouth, the hands that turned the hat over and over, nearly wearing out the brim, you knew that his story was true. Possibly because you realized that Mr. Natanza did not have the kind of intelligence that would have permitted him to manufacture it, or the kind of memory that would have enabled him to remember it, after someone had manufactured it for him. And his testimony was as follows:

"Tell the jury, if you will be so good," said McCauley, coaxingly, "what Leslie Braddock's revolver was like."

"Well, I told you that sometimes he carried one rod and sometimes two," said Mr. Natanza. "But he owned more—he owned six."

McCauley was unfolding something on the table in front of the court; a sort of leather portfolio which, spread out, had, along its length, six little pockets.

This portfolio, together with the five revolvers it holds, was taken from Leslie Braddock's apartment the day following his death," he said. "Do you identify them?"

Mr Natanza bent forward, picked up the revolvers one after the other, and then nodded.

"Them's all his, all right," he said. "He always cut a 'V' out of the handle. He used to work on an unloaded one while the boys was reportin' to him, mornings."

McCauley smiled. "Now attention, if you please, Mr. Natanza. I have here a .25, a .32, and two .45's. But you have said that Leslie Braddock owned six." He paused, bent forward and said, in a whisper that reached to every corner of the courtroom, "Would the revolver that belonged in this sixth pocket be, by chance, a .38, Mr Natanza?"

And now John Sherman saw where the surprise was leading. He strained forward to hear the answer.

"No. It would have been another .45" said Tony Natanza. But McCauley was now pretending incredulity

"A .45?" But the defense maintains that Leslie Braddock was shot with his own revolver, and the revolver that killed him has been proved to be not a .45 but a .38?"

Mr. Natanza hesitated. "Then he wasn't shot with his own gun at all!" he cried. "Because Leslie Braddock wouldn't have a .38 around."

And instantly there was exception in the courtroom and Brook's attorney was on his feet, voicing an objection

But McCauley smilingly appealed to the Court. "My witness has evidence to prove his statement that Leslie Braddock never owned a .38, and I ask that he be permitted to give it."

"Objection over-ruled," said the Court. "We shall hear the witness' statement." Upon which McCauley smiled at Brook's attorney, and turned

"And why wouldn't Leslie Braddock have a .38 around, as you put it, Mr. Natanza?"

Tony hesitated. "Well, it's a funny reason," he said, at last. "But he wouldn't have one

(Continued on Page 18)

Now! Lovely Lips for 8 Hours!

Now 8-hour lip coloring formulated on entirely new color principle. Just discovered in Paris by Edna Wallace Hopper. Waterproof. Wearproof. Indelible. Ends constant "making-up."

You apply when you go out *Eight hours later—lovely lips!*

Edna Wallace Hopper, famous stage beauty, discovered in Paris. A lip coloring that stays. Gives no caking and dries as fast as present ways in make-up. *And it tells new kind of lipstick*

She went to Hollywood, and it swept through the studios like a storm. Oldtime lipsticks were discarded overnight

Now Kissproof, the world's largest makers of lipsticks, has obtained the formula from Miss Hopper, and offers its amazing results to you. A totally New type of lipstick, different from any other you have ever tried.

You put it on before you go out. Then forget about it. Six hours, eight hours later your lips are still naturally lovely!

No more constant making-up. No more fuss and bother. Do you wonder that women are flocking to its use?

Utterly NEW Principle

It is different in formula and result from any previously known lipstick. It does what no other lipstick does or has ever done . . . *actually seems to last indefinitely.*

That's because the color pigment it embodies has never before been used in a lipstick. It holds where others smear and wear—*yet is leaner no trace of greasy recourse*

Then, too, it is a true, NATURAL color. That ends that artificial look women have tried for years to overcome. A color that glorifies the lips to pulse-quickening loveliness—trust the *French* for that!

What To Ask For

Toothtain, simply ask for the New Kissproof Indelible Lipstick (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). And—remember it is NOT the "same" as any other lipstick known. Don't believe that just because you have tried Kissproof before—that you have tried this one. You haven't; this is FAIRLY NEW.

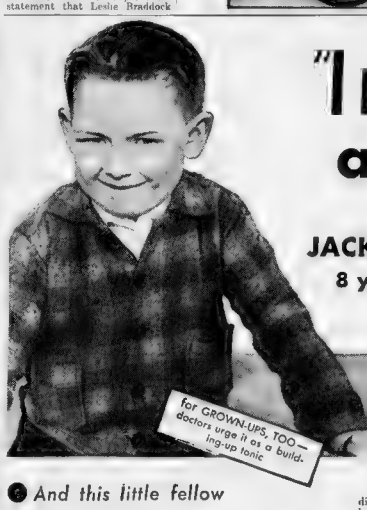
Owing to tremendous demand, the price was as little as 50c. Edna Wallace Hopper paid $2.50 for the original in Paris. Two forms at a toilet counter—lipstick and lip and cheek rouge.

The NEW Kissproof INDELIBLE *Lipstick*

(Left) *Indelible Lipstick* (or Lip and Cheek Rouge). Any enamel-covered case, 75c. Black and refill case, 50c.

(Right) *Lip and Cheek Rouge*—purse size, red and silver enamel case, with mirror, 50c

Newest Parisian Shade. *Theatrical, Natural Rose, Orange*



"I like it a lot!" said JACKIE McVAY 8 years old

for GROWN-UPS, TOO—doctors urge it as a build-ing-up tonic

And this little fellow knows something every mother ought to know about cod-liver oil

No mother need be told what a wonderful health-builder cod-liver oil is. But how to make children like cod-liver oil is the question. And that's exactly what Jackie McVay, pictured above, can answer for you. Jackie doesn't like plain cod-liver oil. When his mother comes round with the bottle, he's out of sight

So, when we called on Jackie's mother recently, at 193 Mason St., Greenwich, Conn., she gladly consented to let him try Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil. Jackie took a spoonful. Then he grinned . . . "Say, I like this a lot!"

Pleasanter to take—but that isn't all

Pale, thin, run-down children—they need cod-liver oil. Give it to them the pleasantest way—give them Scott's Emulsion.

Scott's Emulsion hasn't that strong "fishy" taste. It doesn't upset delicate stomachs. It brings you pure-t, Norwegian cod-liver oil in its pleasantest form—a perfect emulsion. Easier to take—easier to digest. Almost immediately the body absorbs the health-giving vitamins and the assimilation is complete. You get *more* good out of Scott's Emulsion and you feel the benefits *quicker*

Scott's Emulsion is rich in vitamin A, the growth-promoting vitamin that helps guard against disease. It is rich in vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin that prevents rickets. It also contains vital mineral elements that aid in forming sound bones and teeth.

This gives Scott's Emulsion a special advantage for growing children, infants, nursing and expectant mothers. Get Scott's Emulsion of Cod-Liver Oil today, at your druggist. Watch cheeks grow rosy. See young-sters gain new weight and new sturdiness.

SCOTT'S EMULSION OF VITAMIN-RICH COD-LIVER OIL

Pleasanter to take—Easier to digest

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Ruined by the Ghost of a Murdered Guest

(Continued from Double Page)

the public from forgetting the Wilson case and to remind them forcibly that it has not been solved. Worse than that, a French detective magazine proclaimed that it would never be solved because it was the work of the "International Police," as they call the secret service agents of the various chancelleries of Europe. Recently "explosions" in Paris had to the Russian Soviet Government aroused French resentment. This, however, was said to the work of the English organization whose headquarters are supposed to be at Downing Street, London. The magazine said that the case belonged with a long list of other crimes, including the mysterious murder of M. Peredes, treasurer of the Jesuit Missions in Paris, the murder of Miss Daniels, an English nurse whose body was found in a wood near Boulogne, which is not far from Le Touquet.

These organizations fight each other to the death but, win or lose, they never reveal their hand to the public. When operatives of rival governments come to death grips the body of someone who has succeeded in ferreting out some secret that must die with him or her, is found mysteriously, quite as Mrs. Wilson's was found. Right up in government circles it is known who did the killing. But it was done under orders and not considered a crime any more than a soldier's killing in wartime. Like the gangster, the secret operative never appeals to the police for vengeance.

Not only are the police not called in, but, if they get too close to the truth they are called off. If this "international Police" theory is correct, then the sleuths sent to Le Touquet from Paris and London were not there to detect the murderer but to see that he was not detected.

Despairing of ever clearing up the crime, the syndicate made one last attempt to saw its investment in another direction. In feverish haste the members raised $3,000,000 to build within a stone's throw of the casino the Royal Picardy Hotel, which they boasted with considerable truth would be the last word in luxury. There 1,200 workmen, brought from Boulogne, Lille, Paris and as far away as Marseilles and Algiers, toiled day and night for seven months on this hostelry, advertised as the "finest in the world." Despite spikes and cold weather, it was thrown open to the public at the close of the 1929 season. This magnificent pile is as vast as a palace, nine stories high, and covers 12,60 square yards. From an aeroplane it has the appearance of gigantic cross of St. Andrew, set with its wide lawns, trees, flowers and ogival stone lantern looks like some lordly domain of the English Renaissance.

Americans traveling in Europe complain that there are no enough rooms with bath at the best hotels, and this is true even at extravagant Le Touquet for the reason that many European say that they are so clean that they do not need a bath very often and at watering places can always take a swim in the sea. But the Royal Picardy for its 1,000 guests provided 120 bar and boudoirs and 500 rooms the least of them equipped with baths and the better ones with private swimming pools. And of the public pools the largest is 70 by 35 feet, lined with turquoise and emerald tiles, a decoration that is carried half way up the columns supporting the vaulted roof. Here mannequins from Paris dressmaking establishments paraded in stylish bathing costumes. Around the pool small tables and chairs were arranged where bathers and on-lookers might chat and take their cocktails. Adjoining this pool was a gymnasium conducted by the "Ecole des Sports" of Paris.

The hotel rises like a creation of Aladdin's lamp, and the guests themselves could hardly surpass the beauty of the interior decorations. A famous firm, of London and Paris, supplied the furnishings and the 18,000 square yards of rich rugs for the corridors. Cretonnes cover the walls of all rooms, ceilings are adorned by delicate paintings, and the frescoes by Mme. Jeanne Thil, in the "grande galerie" off the central rotonde, are worthy of a place in an art gallery. The Persian carpets, Gobelin tapestries, bibelots and articles de luxe here would do credit to many a museum.

Perhaps the most striking feature in this palatial caravansary is the American bar. Telemachus compared the house of Menelaus to the palace of the gods, and this sanctuary of the thirsty, with its columns and cupola, has been likened to a Byzantine cathedral and to a mosque in miniature. The bar itself is circular—unique in the world—and in the opinion of one writer resembles the atrium of some antique Roman palace. It was served by sixteen drink-mixers, the head cocktail-shaker being an Oriental imported from Turkey.

Drinks at that bar cost as much as ten times what they would be at ordinary ones, but then as one sipped one drank in the gorgeous surroundings. The rooms and food were two to three times as costly as anywhere else, but such things usually attract the throngs of extravagant spenders which Le Touquet needed, because such persons take pride in having people know that they are paying extravagant prices for everything. It is a form of exhibitionism not very different from that of the poor louts who confessed to the Wilson murder. Yet, somehow it did not work.

At the "the dansants" in the lounge there was Lud Gluskin's American band, and tea at $2 the cup; an orchestra brought all the way from Argentina played on the terrace; stars of the Paris theatres performed in the sumptuous restaurant, but customers, like angel visits, were few and far between. Some wit declared that one hesitated to drink in the bar, not because an ordinary two franc "aperitif" cost thirty francs, but because one expected the cathedral organ to peal out any moment. The inauguration of the hotel was auspicious, with a grand reception for the heroes of the Atlantic—Lefevre, Assolant and Lotti.

On days like the Drag Hunt, the Picardy had clients who took a drink before moving off in impressive cavalcade to the sound of "tally-ho" along the sun-flecked forest paths. Now and then a Countess or Sultan dropped in for a week-end at "le plus bel hotel du monde," or some lucky player at the Casino across the way came here and treated his friends to a banquet, but these few patrons could not even pay the expenses of the hotel's 350 employees for a day.

Still there were hopes, for the English customers were beginning to come back and they did not talk about the ghost of Mrs. Wilson with the bad luck it was supposed to bring. Perhaps soon spendthrifts from other parts of Europe and from the Americas would follow. To encourage the English a regular flying schedule between London and Le Touquet was established, so that a person in London with an urge to have a fling at Le Touquet could gratify it within one hour.

In one way and another as many prominent people as possible were induced to follow the example of the Prince of Wales and fly to Le Touquet for week-end. These were impressive enough so that the press agents of that resort would find no difficulty in getting their names printed in all the English papers as visiting there. This was beginning to have its effect and English crowds, sheep-like, were beginning to follow these leaders in quite promising numbers when the last blow fell.

One afternoon a big Junkers F. 13 all-metal aeroplane belonging to the newly formed Walcot Airline between Le Touquet and the flying field of Croydon, near London, exploded in midair, over a farm in Kent, England. It was bad enough that all the six occupants on their way back from Le Touquet were killed but, even worse, four of them were eminent personages who had been induced to visit the resort because of their publicity value. Now that publicity turned to finish the ruin of the place.

H. E. Ward, over whose farm the accident occurred, described it as follows:

"I was working in my barn when I heard an aeroplane engine running intermittently, as though the machine were 'stunting.' Then there was a terrific noise like a prolonged thunder clap. I ran out of the barn and saw the machine nose-diving from a considerable height. It looked like a big bombing plane surrounded by small planes doing a stunt. These small objects looked no bigger than my thumbnail, but as they hurtled through the air, I saw to my horror that they were human bodies, with limbs outstretched.

"Then one of the wings came off and floated like a piece of paper in the wind. An employe of mine rushed from the orchard to see me and told me that the body of a woman had fallen there. When we got to the orchard we found five bodies lying among the trees, badly mutilated, and among them the radiator of the plane. Two bodies had struck trees and torn off branches, and so great was the impact that one was driven at least a foot into the ground."

Those who fell in the orchard were as follows:

The Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, first Speaker of the Senate of Northern Ireland and an Aide-de-Camp to the King.

Viscountess Ednam, daughter of the fourth Duke of Sutherland and one of London's most distinguished hostesses.

Sir Edward Ward, son of the late Col. Sir Edward Ward, a former Permanent Under-Secretary of State at the War Office, and Secretary of the Army Council.

Mrs. Loeffler, wife of Captain Henrik Loeffler and a well-known hostess.

Charles D. Shearing, the second pilot.

Lieutenant-Colonel G. H. Henderson, one of England's famous pilots, being strapped in, was carried with the wreck of the fuselage nearly a quarter of a mile away. He was still breathing when help arrived but died in ten minutes.

After that the English stream of visitors to unlucky Le Touquet trickled down to almost nothing and at the end of last season the five-million dollar hotel went into bankruptcy. Most everything else closed up, too, including the local branch of the Banque Adam.

Unless a miracle happens Le Touquet or "Paris Plage" may rapidly be swallowed up in the same sands that engulfed the town of Quentovic in the ninth century. What killed Quentovic nobody knows, but Le Touquet, in its death throes, says it is being throttled by the same hand that strangled Mrs. Wilson, who may have for her monument the ruins of an entire town.

The New Styles say:—

Show your natural charm with a CUP-FORM Brassiere

The popular girl knows all eyes are attracted by her smartly rounded bust line when she wears a Cup-form Brassiere. Cup-form is new, different, unlike any other brassiere in the world. Its patented inner silken cups cup the bust into alluring, subtle curves. They reduce the size and stylishly mould an over-developed bust into shapely beauty. They add new charm to the flat, under-developed bust line. Doctors endorse the health-giving support of this Cup-form Brassiere.

Illustrated - 1494 of rayon jersey $1.50 at all stores. Yet as little as $1.00 will purchase this secret of charm. Let us send you free our illustrated booklet.

Model Brassiere Co.

LONDON 200 Fifth Avenue, New York PARIS

Also makers of the famous "Scanties"

In Canada—E. & S. Currie, Limited, 50 York Street, Toronto

Here's Sanitary Protection

that really fits, really protects

Kotex is specially designed to fit inconspicuously; and it is so soft and comfort-giving besides.

YOU know what a relief it is to feel entirely free of self-consciousness at times when sanitary protection is necessary. To feel well groomed, comfortable, at ease.

That's the feeling Kotex gives you. Kotex, with its skilful shaping; its rounded corners; its soft filler. And it is so easy to dispose of!

Why Kotex is so absorbent

It is amazingly absorbent, you know. And there is a special reason for that. You see, it is made of fold upon fold of a dainty material, and each of these delicate layers is a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

Kotex absorbs laterally, not in one concentrated area, but *away from the surface*. That is why it stays comfortable so much longer than the ordinary sanitary pad.

It may be worn on either side, with equal efficiency, with no danger of possible embarrassment from wrong adjustment.

Try Kotex yourself. Enjoy the same care scrupulous hospitals give their patients.

Kotex Company, Chicago, Ill

IN HOSPITALS . . .

1—The Kotex absorbent is the identical material used by surgeons in 85% of the country's leading hospitals.

2—*Kotex it soft* . . . not a decorative softness, that soon packs into clotted hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness.

3—*Deodorizes* . . . safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

4—*Can be worn on either side* with equal efficiency.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT at any drug, dry goods or department store.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

The Reluctant Dawn

(Continued from Page 17)

By Hugh Christie Macdonald

around because he was scared."

"Scared!" murmured McCauley. "Really, Mr. Natanza, do I understand you to seriously state here that Leslie Braddock, who had led a—er—er fairly exciting existence, was afraid, for some reason, of a certain caliber of revolver?"

"I told you it wuz funny," said Mr. Natanza. "But there's the reason, take it or leave it. All the boys knew it but none of us ever said anything because Leslie didn't take no jokes about it."

McCauley stood worrying his lip.

"What a consummate showman he is," thought John, with a queer foreboding at his heart, yet admiring the man who had planned so cleverly this master stroke. "There is something more and worse to come."

And indeed, McCauley was speaking again, and his tone was purring. "Leslie Braddock was odd, then, about certain things?" he asked.

"Well, there wuz that apartment house he bought at 722 Riverside Drive, and a week after he bought it, he gave it a Chickie Eilers, give it away for nuthin'."

"An apartment house at 722 Riverside Drive," said McCauley in that soft tone that carried to the furthest doors. "And a week later he gave it away. Really, Mr. Natanza! But continue; you remember other things?"

"Yes, there was a bus he bought," said Mr. Natanza. "A special job! And the first day he come out to try it, he stops short all of a sudden, walks around the car, looks at the license."

"You remember the number of the license, Mr. Natanza?"

"Yes—10640," replied Tony.

McCauley smiled, signed to him to go on.

"He walks around the car, looks at the license, and then he says, 'No go, boys, you can cut cards for it if you want.' So we all cut cards, and Whitey Blakely draws the joker and the bus is his!"

"H'mmmm," said McCauley. "An apartment at 722 Riverside Drive—an automobile with the license 10640—a revolver .38! And have these things, in your opinion, Mr Natanza, any connection with one another?"

He wait-ed; the entire courtroom waited.

"Well, 722, and 10640, and 3 and 8," said Tony Natanza, "all add up to 11! And Leslie Braddock was afraid of that number because a fortune teller had once said that when he passed out it would be the number 11 that would kill him!"

McCauley whirled about, and the triumph on his face was unholy. "And this gentleman," he cried, to the men in the jury box, "is what the defense expects you to believe! Leslie Braddock, who could be frightened into the most abject rage and fear at the sight of a .38 gun, would deliberately carry one with him on the day when he was to meet the prisoner." He smiled. "It hardly seems logical, does it?"

And then he excused Mr. Natanza, and John saw, with a sinking heart, that the jurymen stirred restlessly and evidently agreed that it was, indeed, illogical.

To Be Concluded Next Sunday.

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Prevention is essential..

if you want to escape baldness

Scientists have been trying for years to make new hair grow on bald spots. But the best they can do so far is to urge prevention. They know hair won't grow on tight dry scalps. They know neglect causes loss of hair. If you would avoid baldness, you should use the following health-giving treatment as a preventive measure—

Once a week massage the head thoroughly with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic BEFORE THE SHAMPOO. Work the scalp vigorously with a rotary motion and use the Tonic liberally. The massage stimulates circulation and loosens the scalp. The Tonic cleanses deep down into the pores and counteracts the excessive dryness which bothers most men. Do try this regular workout—it is of great value in preventing scalp troubles.

You can get "Vaseline" Hair Tonic at any drug store. It is sold in convenient bottles with shaker-tops. Made by the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company, Cons'd, 17 State Street, New York.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. © Chesebrough Mfg Co., Cons'd, 1930

Had her mother guessing

IS your child underweight, pale and listless? Or bilious, sallow, fretful or feverish? Is the little tongue coated? The breath bad? Those are signs of constipation!

Don't experiment in cases like this. You needn't. Mothers everywhere have found trouble like this quickly disappears when California Fig Syrup is used. It cleanses, regulates little bowels. It wheits the youngster's appetite. Assists digestion. Helps the whole system.

Every child loves the rich, fruity flavor of California Fig Syrup. For 50 years, doctors have prescribed it. Millions of mothers are eager to tell how it clears up the most stubborn cases of constipation; helps make pale, lifeless children rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, energetic.

Mrs. John C. Rutledge, 537 W. 158th St., New York City, says: "Ann had trouble with her bowels. She had me guessing until I found California Fig Syrup and gave her some. It regulated her bowels in a day; soon had her gaining weight and looking the picture of health."

The *genuine* always bears the name *California*. Look for it when buying and avoid mistakes.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP

RICH, FRUITY LAXATIVE and TONIC FOR CHILDREN

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Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

(Continued from Page 12)

us how to do our job? I'll ring him up straightaway."

CHAPTER XXXII.

Dr. Carruthers Calls.

MEREDITH acted at once. Reaching for the telephone, he asked for a number.

"Is that Dr. Carruthers?" And when he had received an affirmative reply: "This is Detective-Inspector Meredith of the C. I. D., Scotland Yard, speaking. I have just read your statement in the Evening Sun, Doctor, and am so interested in what you say that I should like to have a talk with you as soon as possible. When would it be convenient for me to see you?...At your consulting room?...Certainly...7 o'clock? Yes, that will do nicely. Thank you very much. Good-by."

When the speaker turned to his audience of two, what could be seen of his face bore the famous sardonic grin.

"I'm never above learning," he said; "and since this pill-merchant thinks he can teach me my job, I'm willing to give him the chance. As for you, Oliver," patting the reporter on the shoulder, "you have changed your name to Walker! I'm busy now—hop it! Oh, just a moment," as the journalist moved towards the door, "until I say the word, not a line of our talk is to be printed. After I have seen Carruthers, you can come to me for a special interview."

The reporter scrunched his soft hat in excitement.

"Thanks very much, Inspector," he said; "but suppose any of the others pop in beforehand?"

"I shall be out," replied Meredith succinctly.

"I'd like this fellow Carruthers to try Polamin on our friend, the Baron," mused the Inspector when he and Fenton were alone again.

Fenton pulled fiercely at the cigarette he was smoking.

"If the thing is true," he replied, "it would seem that you police fellows will have an easy job in the future. All you'll have to do is to grab a criminal, get the police surgeon to pump some of this drug into him, and there you have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

"Perhaps! I've heard of these wonders before. So long as this little old world goes rolling round, Fenton, nothing is going to be too easy. You can bank on that. Directly everything which used to be difficult becomes simplified, then it's time the whole works shut up. At least that's my view. All the interest would go out of life if there were no snags."

"I wish to heaven just a few of the snags were out of this," said Fenton bitterly; "we seem to be up against a brick wall which ever way we turn."

The sergeant announced another visitor.

"Dr. Bartlett," he said, opening the door.

Immediately upon the words, a young, determined-looking man walked in. He took one look at the elaborately bandaged head of the Detective-Inspector, and snorted. Ross Bartlett came from Australia, and had the outspokenness of his countrymen.

"You're a nice patient!" he stormed.

The man he was rebuking grinned as broadly as his bandages would allow.

"That's what the nurse said," he replied.

"Well, I wash my hands of you," said the young medico; "leaving the hospital without authority—you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am," admitted his patient.

"Yes, you look as though you are! What am I to do with you?"

"Nothing, Doctor. I promise to come at least once a day to have these blamed things changed—or whatever you want to do with them. But beyond that, you'd better leave me alone. I'm feeling pretty O. K. and there's a terrible lot of work to do in this office. How's Corrigan?"

"He's getting on fairly well. Thank heaven, he's got more sense than you have!"

"He's content to lay there in bed, then?"

"I've said he's got more sense than you. He recognizes that he's had a very narrow escape from being killed, and that St. Thomas' Hospital is the best place for him at the moment. It's the best place for you, if you did but know it."

Meredith pushed a box of cigarettes over to his critic.

"There are a good many things demanding my attention here, Doctor," he explained. "And, honestly, I've got to get on with them. Murders and things, you know," he added, with another of his whimsically sardonic grins.

"You know best," said the house physician, lighting his cigarette, "but I tell you this—if all my patients were like you I should give up doctoring, and go in for the drapery trade."

"You'd look awfully well as a shopwalker!"

"Only this," Declared the Reporter in Triumph, "the truth-drug's been used by a West End specialist today, and proved a success."

"What an ass you are, Meredith! I must go now. But remember your promise—you must come over at least once a day to have those dressings seen to."

"All right. Very much obliged. Mind the step as you go out."

A suppressed gurgle of laughter announced the departure of Bartlett.

"That reminds me," said Fenton, "I haven't had time yet to hear the full story of what happened to you last night."

Meredith, leaning back in his chair, stretched his long legs.

"It's quite true, what that young hug-hunter said," he replied; "I was just about as near to heaven—or the other place—as I shall probably get this side of Jordan. You know we had arranged that Corrigan and I, with three other men, were to be round the corner from the Blue Dog Restaurant in a police car at 9 o'clock. We were to wait until you came out, and then follow you.

"Somebody on the other side must have guessed that something of the sort would happen. In the afternoon I had a mysterious visitor, a tramp, who gave as an excuse for his call that he knew something about the cinema murder. When the fellow came into my room I had doubts about him at once, but, curious to know what he had to say, I listened to his story. It was a preposterous yarn which wouldn't have deceived a child. I wondered at the time why this loafer, who gave a cheap lodging house in the Waterloo Road as his address, should have taken so much trouble.

"The only conclusion I could come to was that, for some apparently inexplicable reason, he wanted to commit my face—it was a face, then!—to memory. In other words, he wanted to be able to recognize me again. That bit's worth remembering in view of what happened later.

"I had the car ordered a few minutes before 9, and Corrigan and I, with three selected men, got into it. In fairness to Mike, I must say that he didn't approve of the scheme at all. He reckoned it was taking a foolhardy chance."

"Corrigan thought, then, that the Baron would guess something of the sort would happen?"

"Yes," admitted Meredith, "to be perfectly frank, he did. And if I'd only listened to him, two valuable police officers wouldn't have lost their lives."

Fenton gave a gasp.

"You don't mean to say that two men were killed?"

"But for the most marvelous luck, the whole lot of us would have gone," returned his friend. "But I was just about to tell you: we got into the car in the Yard here a few minutes before nine. We had barely gone a hundred yards along the Embankment before a man, standing on the pavement, threw something into the roadway. It must have been a bomb—it exploded immediately, and . . . well, I don't remember anything else till I woke up and found myself smothered in bandages and stinking of iodine and stuff in St. Thomas' Hospital."

"And two men were killed, you say?"

Meredith nodded.

"Yes," he corroborated, "two fine officers were killed. The driver was badly injured, while, by the grace of heaven, Mike Corrigan and I got off with merely superficial injuries. It was a thoroughly bad business. Although the papers, as usual, got wind of it, they were instructed—or rather, asked—not to elaborate the affair too much. But somebody is going to pay a pretty hard price for last night's happenings; I can promise them that."

"Have you any idea who the man was?"

"Although I was looking out on that side, I couldn't see the fellow distinctly. But that he was in the pay of the Baron—or, at least, of one of that dirty crowd—is certain, of course. It may have been that loafer—the man who called himself 'Lady' Jones."

"You mean the tramp who paid you a visit in the afternoon?"

"That's the joker," returned Meredith grimly. "Just a minute," as the telephone on his desk shrilled.

Fenton, watching him as he listened to the message which came through over the wire, saw the big frame of the Inspector stiffen.

"Eh? What's that? Are you sure?" Then came a long silence, during which Meredith listened intently.

Finally, he replaced the receiver with a groan.

"This thing gets stickier and stickier," he announced, turning in his chair; "what do you think that message was? It came from the River Police down at the Basin. The body of a man has just been picked up from the river—murdered. Had a knife in his back. The detective I put on to tracing my mysterious visitor of yesterday afternoon has identified the body as belonging to 'Lady' Jones."

"What's your conclusion?"

"That's an easy one. They bribed this poor devil to do their dirty work, and then, in case he should squeal, did him in. By Jove!" he cried, springing up. "I'll cleanse London of that filthy crowd."

Any comment that Fenton might have made—and his brain was whirling with thoughts—was curtailed by the announcement of yet another visitor.

The sergeant, opening the door with an apologetic air, said to Meredith: "Dr. Arnold Carruthers—he says he has an appointment."

"Can't see him," snapped the Detective-Inspector. But immediately he had uttered the words, he countermanded them.

"I'll see him at once," he stated. "Show him in."

Directly the door had closed, the Detective-Inspector drew his chair up near to Fenton's.

"I've got a hunch," he said, "that this doctor-fellow is mixed up somehow—don't ask me why, or how, or what, or when, or where—but I feel it in my bones that he's connected in some way with this business. It sounds preposterous, I daresay; but occasionally I get a kind of sixth sense. I suppose everyone who has made a success of police-work must possess this quality in some degree. All I know is that several times in my life, when I have been working on important cases, I have had a sort of intuitive warning or presentiment. I've got it now." Meredith was speaking in staccato fashion, and his excitement extended to his companion.

"Can I stay on?" asked Fenton.

"Of course you can. You're as much connected with this business now as I am—more, if it comes to that. I can explain, if it's necessary, that you're a colleague of mine. And now for Dr. Carruthers."

(Continued on Page 20)

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Valuable Cooking Recipes from Some of Our Readers

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Cauliflower Salad.

COOK a small cauliflower, head down in boiling salted water. Drain and chill. Soak two tablespoons gelatin in one-half cup cold water and then dissolve in two cups boiling water. Add one-half cup mild vinegar, a few grains pepper, one teaspoon salt and one-half cup sugar. When cold pour a little of the gelatin mixture into a mold rinsed with cold water. When the gelatin is nearly set place the cauliflower, head down, on the gelatin. Garnish with thinly sliced green pepper rings. Fill the mold with the gelatin. Chill in ice box. When firm, turn out on bed of crisp lettuce and serve with any desired salad dressing.

Olive Hors d'Oeuvres.

WRAP stuffed olives in thinly sliced breakfast bacon and secure in place with toothpicks or tiny skewers. Broil until bacon is crisp. Drain on unglazed paper and serve immediately.

"Health Salad."

DISSOLVE 1 package lemon flavored gelatin in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup pineapple juice and 1 small can drained grated pineapple. Fold in 1 cup freshly grated raw carrot. Chill. When firm turn out on bed for crisp lettuce and serve with any desired salad dressing.

Spinach and Egg Salad.

FINELY chop or sift four hard-boiled eggs. Drain tender spinach that has been cooked in a very little salted water. Finely chop. To the four eggs add one cup of finely chopped spinach, three ounces of cream cheese pressed through potato ricer, one-half teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, and well-seasoned French dressing to moisten (a little less than one-fourth cup). Mix thoroughly and form into small balls. Arrange on bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Serve with mayonnaise dressing.

Jellied Party Salad.

SOAK 2 tablespoons gelatin in ½ cup cold water for 10 minutes. Dissolve over hot water. Add ¼ cup ginger ale. Mix ¾ cup diced pineapple, ¾ cup grapefruit pulp, ½ cup shredded blanched almonds, ¼ cup skinned and seeded Malaga or Tokay grapes, a few grains paprika and a few grains salt. Add ¾ cup ginger ale. When well mixed combine with the gelatin mixture. Pour into small molds that have been rinsed with cold water. Chill. When firm turn out on crisp lettuce leaves and serve with cream mayonnaise.

Uncooked Fruit Cake.

ROLL ½ pound graham crackers. To the finely crushed crackers add ¾ teaspoon cinnamon, ¼ teaspoon ground cloves, ¼ teaspoon nutmeg, ¼ teaspoon ground allspice and ¼ teaspoon salt. Wash ½ cup currants thoroughly. Let stand in hot water to cover. When soft drain well. To the crackers and spices add the softened currants, ½ cup chopped raisins, 1 cup chopped dates, 2 tablespoons shredded candied orange peel, ½ cup shredded citron, 1 cup sliced marshmallows, and 2 tablespoons sliced candied cherries. Add 1 cup thick sweet cream and mix thoroughly. Pack into pan lined with waxed paper and let stand in ice box over night. Turn out, remove paper and serve with or without whipped cream.

Cranberry Cocktail.

MIX one diced banana and two pieces of canned apricot (pressed through a sieve or sliced). Sprinkle with six tablespoons powdered sugar and mix with ¾ cup cranberry sauce. Chill and serve in cocktail glasses.

Macaroon Orange Pudding.

WASH and cream ¼ cup butter, adding 1 cup sifted powdered sugar gradually. Add 4 tablespoons finely chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons minced dates, the juice and pulp of 2 sweet oranges. Beat well and let stand about 10 minutes. Add 2 cups fine macaroon or cake crumbs gradually, beating throughly. Spread between two layers of cake and cover top and sides with the mixture. Decorate with cherries and let stand in ice box over night.

Marshmallow and Graham Cracker Cake.

ROLL ½ pound graham crackers. To the finely crushed crackers add 1 cup finely chopped dates, 1 cup finely chopped marshmallows, ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 cup finely chopped nut meats. Then add 1 cup thick sweet cream gradually. Mix thoroughly. Pack into loaf pan lined with waxed paper and let stand in ice box over night. Turn out, remove paper and serve at the table. Serve with or without whipped cream.

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Red Hate — by Sydney Horler

(Continued from Page 21)

CHAPTER XXXIII.
The Missing Patient.

LOSING no time after he was announced, Dr. Carruthers presented himself in the doorway of Detective-Inspector Meredith's office.

"I thought it best," he announced, after looking with slight surprise at the Inspector's bandaged face and head, "to come to you at once, Inspector. I find that I shall be exceptionally busy this evening, and it is quite possible that I might be unable to keep the appointment made for seven o'clock."

"That's all right, Doctor. It happens that I can give you 10 minutes now. I wanted to get your views on this 'truth-drug', as it is called."

"Polamin?"

"Yes. That statement you made to the Evening Sun was naturally very interesting to us at the Yard. It opens up big possibilities."

"Very," agreed the medical man; "but it is not to discuss the merits or demerits of this new discovery that I have made this call, Inspector. To tell you the truth, I find myself in a somewhat awkward position, and I want your advice."

Meredith looked across at Fenton.

"I shall be happy to help you to the best of my ability," he said.

The doctor breathed an audible sigh of relief.

"Some little time back," the doctor started, "I was called in as a consultant to advise on the case of a patient who, it was stated, had lost her memory as a result of a street accident some two months before. I could do nothing—one can't, you know, in such cases. Nature is the only cure. One has to wait until the brain tissues are healed.

"I had forgotten the incident until the same man called at my consulting-room this morning. He said he wanted my opinion on the new drug, Polamin. I was interested, as every medical man is interested in a discovery which promises to advance scientific research. My caller said he wished me to use an injection of Polamin immediately in the hope that his niece—my former patient—would benefit to the extent of remembering certain details in her past life.

"After some brief discussion, I consented to perform this slight operation, but only on condition that the patient was brought into my Nursing Home in Brook Street. I made this stipulation because, as I explained, although all the American medical journals had stated that, in the few cases in which the drug had been used, there had been no untoward after-effects, I wished, in case any development ensued, to have my patient under my immediate eye."

Fenton, it was obvious, was about to ask a question, when he received a peremptory warning from Meredith to keep silent.

"This is very interesting, Doctor," said the Detective-Inspector.

Thus encouraged, the medical man continued: "The patient was brought to the Nursing Home at 11 o'clock this morning, and the drug was administered. I had read a great deal about the wonders of this new discovery, but I must confess I was surprised at its efficacy. It was owing to the complete success of the test that, in a fit of enthusiasm—which perhaps got the better of me—I rang up a friend of mine, who is the Assistant Editor of the Evening Sun, and told him that if he would care to send a reporter to Harley Street, I had some news of importance to give him."

"You doctors are such enthusiasts, I know," supported Meredith; "I happened to meet with a minor motoring accident recently, and got taken to St. Thomas' Hospital. Would you believe it, although I am perfectly able to carry on with my job here, the whole medical staff is up in arms because I left the institution. But by the way," he added quickly, "I am anxious to hear the rest of your story. To put it plainly, Doctor, why did you consider it necessary to come to Scotland Yard almost immediately after my telephone message?"

The visitor fidgeted in his chair.

"I am in a very awkward position, as I hinted just now," he replied. "While my patient was under the influence of Polamin, the man who claimed to be her uncle put a number of questions to her. Before doing so, he made me give my professional word that I would divulge nothing of what I heard. Please understand that I do not intend to do so—even under the most severe pressure from you, Inspector. But I will be frank with you, and say that I formed certain suspicions."

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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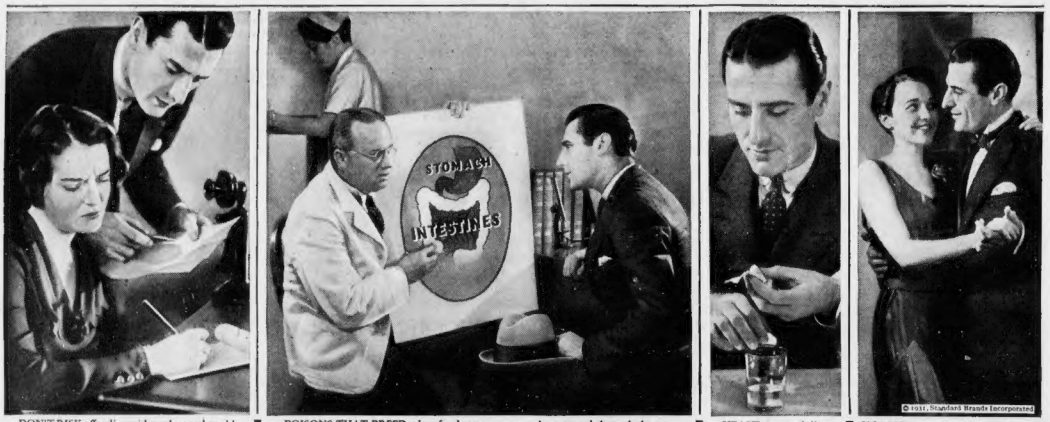
Bad Breath ✢ *Indicates an Unclean Condition Here!* ✢ *Eating Yeast* ✢ *Corrects It*



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Now unpleasant breath—like coated tongue, pimples, headaches, etc.—is usually just another symptom of that age-old evil, Intestinal Fatigue. It indicates a clogged, unclean condition of vital internal organs . . . It means your system is contaminated by poisons from stagnating food wastes!

Then begin by correcting *this* condition, if you are really serious about getting rid of unwholesome breath.

But begin the right way. Avoid harsh cathartics and habit-forming laxatives and pills. Such measures are crude, often dangerous — and temporary at best.

Adopt, instead, the very simple method world-famous medical leaders endorse . . . a method relied on by famous physicians for three-quarters of a century. *Eat three cakes of fresh yeast every day!*

Fleischmann's Yeast, you know, is not a medicine at all. A food, it acts naturally—gently.

Eaten regularly, as a part of your normal diet, it attacks the wastes that have collected in your intestines. It moistens and softens them. It stimulates natural secretions. And at the same time it actually strengthens the sluggish muscles of your intestinal tract.

Thus, daily accumulations are regularly removed from your body. The poisons that were circulating through your system and causing bad breath, bad digestion, lack of appetite, etc., are soon suppressed.

So don't temporize with bad breath . . . don't try to cure it with half measures. Add Fleischmann's fresh Yeast to your diet now!

And don't put it off! Go to your grocer's, or to any nearby restaurant or soda fountain and get a supply of Fleischmann's fresh Yeast, today. Eat three cakes every day, regularly—a cake before each meal, or between meals and at bedtime.

Eat it just plain, or dissolved in a third of a glass of water (hot or cold). Or try it in milk, or fruit juices. Eat it any way you like.

And remember, when you eat Fleischmann's Yeast you are benefiting from the three indispensable vitamins it contains—vitamins B and G and the "sunshine" vitamin D—elements which the ordinary diet fails to supply as it should. Get this added benefit by insisting on *Fleischmann's* Yeast. Start now!

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh yeast... the only kind that benefits you fully.

Eat 3 cakes a day!

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How to Get the Most for Your Money When Buying Linens

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

NO housewife ever has enough sheets or towels! And nothing gives the homelover more joy than to see her beds, her bath, her table, furnished generously and harmoniously with beautiful linens. How may Mrs. Housewife get most for her dollars this January, always a widely featured as the month of linen buying and "white sales"?

It is difficult to judge textiles because much of their quality depends on technical points of weave and finish, often unseen to the eye and equally unsuspected by the purchaser. In washable textiles, such as sheets, cases, tablecloths and towels, qualities of wear are further complicated by the methods under which they are washed and laundered. If a sheet returns from the wash frayed or with numerous pinprick holes, shall the housewife blame the manufacturer or the laundryman?

Therefore, the wise purchaser will stop and decide what she wants to find in her own linen values. Most of all before buying she should consider what are the conditions under which these linens are to be used. For example, if she is willing to wash her own pasted guest towels with a mild white soap, it may be sensible to buy delicate colored fabrics, where it would not be practical to do so if the wash is sent away from under her personal supervision. Let the buyer consider then the length of time she expects the linen to wear, the frequency with which it will require laundering, the type of laundry to which it will be sent, if the children are to give them rough use, if her household be informal or the opposite.

Second, let the buyer learn a few simple facts or tests on textile weaves. Thus, the strongest weave of any textile is a plain one where both warp and weft threads are woven from the same yarn at an equal tension. But the moment the thread is allowed to "jump" in order to make a design or a finish, that moment the fabric lessens in durability. Stated another way, we find that durability and strength are often sacrificed to novelty in weave.

And in buying linens the chief object should be to obtain service in terms of textiles. Beauty, cheerful satisfaction and "style," desirable as they are, should not be allowed to overshadow quality and durability. What we may call "integrity" in textiles is all-important; it is better to buy a good honest cotton tablecloth which offers itself as such, rather than to buy a cotton product "sized" to imitate linen—and which will show its cheap sleazy weave after the first wash. One of the best mottoes for the buyer to take literally is, "It will all come out in the wash."

There are several processes, too, with which she should be familiar:

Bleaching is a process whose aim is to whiten. It should be done in the yarn and not in the fabric. It is legitimate, but in excess may seriously weaken the cloth. "Grass-bleached" is the safest method.

Sizing is treating a textile with a starchy mixture to give both weight and sheen. It is permissible if not used to excess to cover up deficiencies. Sizing may "fake" off when tested with the fingernail and it too will "come out in the wash"—alas.

Calendering is running a fabric under heavy rollers. It is not legitimate if used to make cotton fabrics appear like "satin" tablecloths, or to produce a high gloss such as is characteristic of linen.

Here are one or two other points where the buyer should beware; one is the selvage, which is the woven edge of any fabric. The true selvage is strongest in the simplest weaves as in a genuine linen dish towel. But one meets often with a "fake selvage," especially in the case of a cheap grade of bath towel. This is woven double width, and then split down the centre. The fake selvage will tend to fray and unravel. See that both sides of your towels are equally finely and uniformly woven.

Another point in choosing bath towels is to avoid those having large "loops" in their fabric. The finer the quality, the shorter and more compressed the loops—the best giving the effect of moss or plush. Most "sale" towels have larger loops or imperfections in the looping which again will show as frayed ends after short use.

Sizes are important because nothing is more annoying than a bedsheet a few inches too short, or a tablecloth with a clumsy overhang.

Before starting shopping take a foot rule or tape-measure and know the exact sizes of all surfaces for which you want linens. Draw a diagram if need be, of each bed, table or pillow. A half hour spent in advance measurement will save hours of unnecessary regret and inconvenience. If you show your measurements to an intelligent salesman, he should be able to advise you right proportions.

All standard beds require sheets 108 inches long; if twin beds, choose a width of 72 inches; if a double bed, a width of 90 inches. Pillow cases are either 42 inches or 45 inches by 40 inches. The wider width gives a more pleasing hem at the end. The accepted "overhang" on a formal dinner table cloth is always 18 inches. Cloths run 72 inches wide and in varying lengths, as 72x72, 72x90, 72x126 and the longest 144. Dinner napkins are usually 22x22, while lunch or bridge napkins are smaller and may be of several sizes.

And what are the "trends" or preferences in linens, this season? What are "they" choosing as smartest and most accepted? Before preparing this article I inquired of several manufacturers and sources, and this is their reply:

"There is a noted tendency in all linens away from strong colors and back to pure white or neutral tones. This is particularly true in table linens for formal occasions. The best sellers, besides white, are cream, pale gold, oyster, and ecru. These shades give the hostess less trouble in arranging color harmony or in developing an ensemble between her china, crystal and cutlery."

This lessening of interest in the all-colored linen, brings forth the rise of another "trend"—that of pure white cloth or single-color textile, relieved and made interesting by shadow-woven designs. Stunning are some of these new weaves, with contrasting sheens in two fabrics, as linen and rayon, where most beautiful "highlights" enhance the single tone weave.

Consider, test, inspect, but in any case buy linens generously for the housewifely joys they bring to your linen-closet!

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Whole Grain Cereal with Raisins, Tomato Omelet, Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges and Bananas, Cereal, Broiled Bacon, Toasted Left-Over Muffins, Coffee.	Grapefruit, Broiled Sausage Balls, Sweet Potato Buiscuits, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Scrambled Egg, Whole Wheat Rolls, Coffee.	Fruit, Whole Wheat Cereal, Coddled Egg, Tomato Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Tomato or Orange Juice, Cereal, Plain Omelet, Graham Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Poached Egg, Hot Tea Biscuits, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Spinach Puree, Braised Veal Balls with Macaroni, Fruit Whip, Tea.	Broiled Smelts, Creamed Potatoes, Corn Muffins, Health Salad, Coffee	Savory Spaghetti, French Bread, Jelled Prunes, Tea.	Creamed Potatoes or Macaroni, Popovers with Grape Juice Sauce, Tea.	*Luncheon* Steamed Hash, Golden Corn Bread, Jellied Fruit Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing, Wafers, Tea.	Creamed Dried Beef, Buttered Lima Beans, Baked Sweet Potatoes, Apricot Trifle, Tea.	Roast Shoulder of Pork, Cream Gravy, Steamed Rice, Apple Fritters, Romaine Salad, Chocolate Rice Pudding.
Dinner	*Dinner (Company)*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Stuffed Breast of Veal (Trimmings Used for Luncheon), Horseradish Cream Sauce, Steamed Potatoes, Buttered Brussels Sprouts, Graham Cracker Cake.	Roast Duck, Celery Stuffing, Orange Garnish, Spanish Potatoes, Buttered Cauliflower, St. Regis Salad, French Dressing, Caramel Bavarian, Half Cups Coffee.	Minced Duck in Border of Rice, Garnish of Carrots and Green Peas, Hot Coleslaw, Dried Fig Pudding.	Pot Roast of Beef, Paprika Baked Potatoes, Creamed Salsify, Shredded Lettuce Salad, California Dressing, Apple Trifle.	Boiled Fresh Salmon, Egg Sauce, Potatoes or Noodles, Spiced Beets, Shredded Cabbage and Pineapple Salad, Lemon Meringue Pie.	Left-Over Pot Roast of Beef in Meat Pie with Potato Crust, Glazed Onions, Buttered Green Vegetable, Ginger Molasses Layer Cake.	Creamed Oysters on Toast, Relish, Baked Jelly Apples, Jumbles.

A Surprising New Experience in Sewing with Silk

A NEW silk thread has made it possible—a new Boulfast Sewing Silk, designed by the famous makers of J. & P. Coats and Clark's O. N. T. threads. Product of a century of skill in thread making, it is so smooth and even, so free from snarling, fraying and breaking, that you will find new satisfaction in its use.

Boulfast Sewing Silk, in all staple and fashionable colors, is put up in 50-yard and 100-yard spools, at a price that sets a new standard in sewing silk value.

Also under these two famous brand names: *Boulfast Mercerized Thread*, for stitching firm woolens, cottons, draperies and fabric furnishings; *Boulfast Sheer Fabric Thread*, for stitching crepes, georgettes, chiffons and all light-weight cottons and linens, also for hemstitching.

Send Coupon for "Sewing Secrets"
A new 48-page book of modern sewing methods; includes chart of correct thread and needle sizes for every fabric and purpose. Simply send 4 cents in stamps to The Spool Cotton Co., Dept. A-21, Box 248, Mad. Sq. Station, New York City.

THE SPOOL COTTON CO., Box 248, Madison Sq. Sta., N. Y. C., Dept. A-21
Please send me the new 48-page book, "Sewing Secrets." I enclose 4c.
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J. & P. COATS AND CLARK'S O.N.T.
THE TWO GREAT NAMES IN THREAD

"Sauerkraut, latest member League of Rations"

. . . says *Mrs. Christine Frederick*

Household Editor, Science Expert, Director Applied Psychology Institute, Consulting Author "Selling the Consumer."

"SAUERKRAUT is the latest member of the League of Rations."

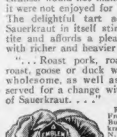
These are the final words of a wonderful tribute to Sauerkraut in "The American Weekly" — we wish space allowed the reprint of the entire article by Mrs. Christine Frederick, one of the most famous dietetic authorities in the country. Millions, literally millions of readers, rightly follow weekly the advice of this distinguished authority on household efficiency.

"And now Sauerkraut," declares Mrs. Frederick, "has become sophisticated and accepted as fashionable where a scant ten years ago, as a lowly commoner among foods, it could not have dared present itself. And why? Because at last science, with its high power lens, has focussed on Sauerkraut and discovered that it is a one hundred per cent vitamin bearing food. As everyone knows, Sauerkraut is fermented shredded cabbage and nothing more. And cabbage is outstandingly rich in all the familiar mineral salts, lime, potash and calcium, that important bone-building salt.

"But in the process of fermenting, Sauerkraut produces lactic acid known as one of the most effective cleaners or body prophylactics. So that to all the rich mineral bearing qualities of cabbage, Sauerkraut adds the increased wholesomeness of a food that literally disinfects the alimentary tract.

"But even the fact that it is a food cleanser would not make it popular if it were not enjoyed for its flavor. . . . The delightful tart acid flavor of Sauerkraut in itself stimulates appetite and affords a pleasing contrast with richer and heavier foods.

". . . Roast pork, roast beef, pot roast, goose or duck would be more wholesome, as well as pleasing, if served for a change with a side-dish of Sauerkraut. . . ."



Remember Mrs. Frederick says to "Be sure" in buying Sauerkraut look for the N. K. P. A. Emblem on the can, barrel or container, published herewith. It always means Sauerkraut of First Quality—Sauerkraut packed by those plants and in accordance with Government standards. Send for our Free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," which gives 49 ways of preparing this succulent, economical dish.

15 Cents Worth of Sauerkraut Will Serve 4 to 6 Persons

The National Kraut Packers' Association
Clyde, Ohio

The National Kraut Packers' Association, Clyde, Ohio

Please send me postpaid ..... copies of your free booklet, "Sauerkraut as a Health Food," with new tested recipes.

Name .....
Address .....
City and State ..... AW.-1-18-31.

American Weekly Patterns

A SIMPLE FROCK FOR A "LITTLE GIRL" (7072). Designed in 5 sizes: 6 months, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. It will require 1½ yards of 32-inch material for a 2-year size. To trim with lace edging requires 3 yards.

A PLEASING AND PRACTICAL MATERNITY DRESS (7056). Designed in 7 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48 inches bust measure. It will require 2¼ yards of 39-inch material for a 38-inch size if made with revers. Without revers it will require 1⅝ yards. Contrasting material requires ⅝ yard 39 inches wide, cut crosswise.

A DISTINCTIVE STYLE (6995). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. A 38-inch style requires 5 yards of material 39 inches wide. Contrasting material requires ⅝ yard.

A NEW SLIP (6807). The pattern for this pleasing model is designed in 4 sizes: Small, 34-36; medium, 38-40; large, 42-44, and extra large, 46-48 inches bust measure. A medium size will require 2⅝ yards of 39-inch material. To finish the lower edge with lace or banding requires 2¼ yards.

A CHARMING DRESS STYLE FOR THE GROWING GIRL (7064). Designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. A 14-year size will require 3¼ yards of material 39 inches wide if made with long sleeves. With short sleeves, 3 yards. Contrasting material requires ⅜ yard, cut crosswise.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail, with 25 cents in coin (**seal envelope flap securely on all edges**), to

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 STERLING PLACE,
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERNS,
11 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
BARGAIN DAY.
TWO PATTERNS FOR 25 CENTS OR 15 CENTS EACH.

7072.....Years 6995.....Bust
7056.....Bust 6807.....Size
7064.....Years

Name .....
St. & No. .....
City & State .....

Send 10 cents in coin for our Up-to-Date Fall and Winter 1930-1931 Book of Fashions, in colors, with comprehensive dressmaking suggestions.

A Certain Someone's Heart Stood Still . .

JANET had dreamed of a dress like this—a dress so lovely that a certain someone must turn and look—so lovely that perhaps for just one little moment a certain someone's heart would stand quite still. She knew she could never, never save enough to buy the dress of her dreams, for Janet's salary was $25 a week. Even saving $5 a week, the dress was weeks and weeks and months away.

And then, just when the dress—and the someone—seemed further off than ever, the most wonderful thing had happened. She had learned that now there was a simple way by which she—yes, Janet who had never sewn a stitch in her life—could create for herself all the clothes her heart desired. There was a little shop just a short distance from home, with every convenience one could want and a teacher who knew just every thing, and the cleverest electric machines that ran like a breeze and stitched the seams so quickly. Why, it was really fun!

Janet's heart sang that morning when, after only a few happy lessons at the school, she wore to the office the very first dress she had ever made and the girls swarmed around to ask her where she had bought it. Then she knew that the dress of her dreams would really come true—and it did.

She chose a design from among hundreds in the magazines. She found the most ravishing piece of material one adventurous noon-hour. Three never-forgotten evenings she spent in the fashioning of it, reluctant even to go to bed. There was a thrill, too, when she found that the total cost was less than twelve dollars.

But best of all was the little catch in her own throat when, at the party, a certain someone did stop and look—and look again—and then came straight to take her hands in his.

• • •

Every day more girls are discovering the happiness of making their own clothes. Modern patterns, modern methods and the modern Singer Electric have changed a once tedious task to the kind of fun no girl will want to miss. Once you know how easy it is, you, too, will be planning the lovely clothes you thought you never could afford. Perhaps all you need is the confidence that comes with making just one dress. If so, the nearest Singer Sewing School is ready to help without one cent of cost to you. You will find waiting there the sympathetic, friendly interest of an expert teacher and the finest sewing equipment for your use. You will be shown how to select the fabrics and colors that are individually becoming to you. Then step by step you will be shown how to lay out your pattern, cut out your materials, and completely make, fit and finish the dress of your choice. In just a few afternoons or evenings you will learn those easy modern methods that will make forever simple the creation of your own smart clothes.

If you would like to know how you can learn to make your own dresses, free, at the nearest Singer Sewing School, simply telephone or call at the Singer Shop in your community. Or send the coupon below and full information about this new plan will come to you at once.

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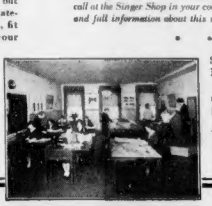

SINGER SEWING SCHOOLS
Conducted by SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE CO., INC.
Dept. A-116, Singer Bldg., New York, N. Y.
Please tell me about the Singer Sewing School nearest my home and how I may have free personal instruction.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

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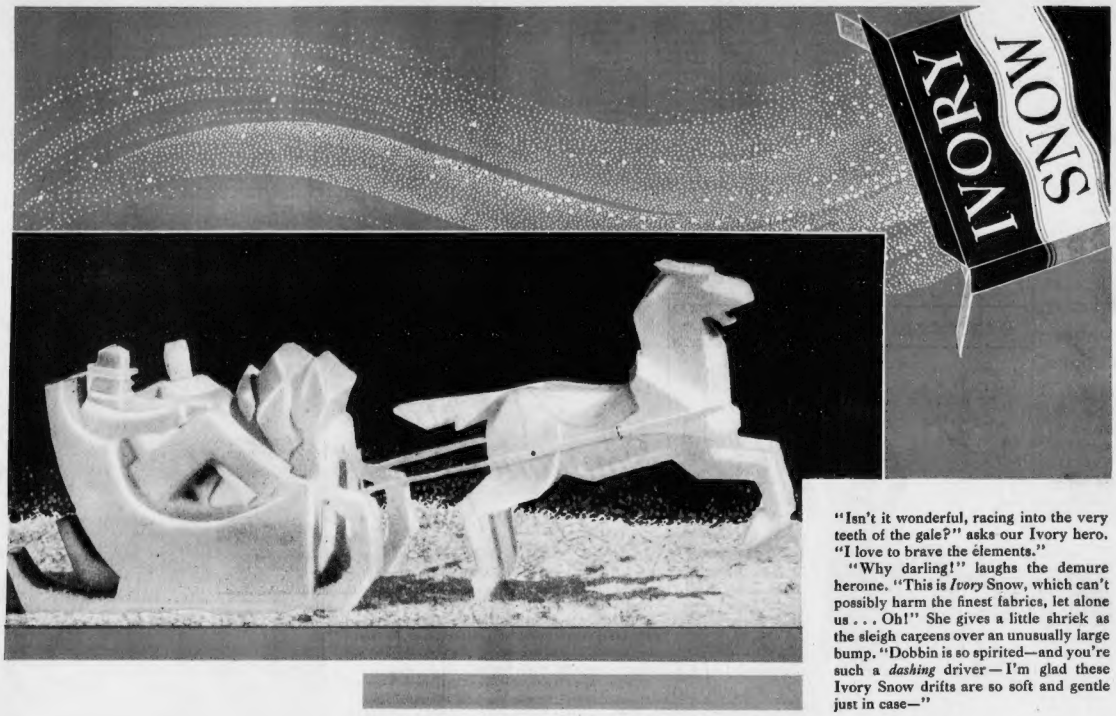
The great blizzard of '93?

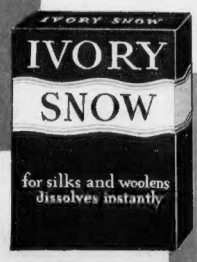
No–it's IVORY SNOW



"Isn't it wonderful, racing into the very teeth of the gale?" asks our Ivory hero. "I love to brave the elements."

"Why darling!" laughs the demure heroine. "This is *Ivory* Snow, which can't possibly harm the finest fabrics, let alone us . . . Oh!" She gives a little shriek as the sleigh careens over an unusually large bump. "Dobbin is so spirited—and you're such a *dashing* driver—I'm glad these Ivory Snow drifts are so soft and gentle just in case—"

New! The loveliest, snowiest, quickest soap for silk, wool, rayon . . .



Ivory Snow-pearls dissolve instantly, completely, in lukewarm water

WHAT good news Ivory Snow is to everyone who ever washes silks, woolens, or any fabric that requires special care! Here's all the goodness, the purity, the *safeness* of Ivory Soap itself—in tiny snowdrops that dissolve instantly even in cool water. (No water warmer than lukewarm, you know, should ever be allowed to touch fine silks or woolens.)

Are you in a hurry? One swish of Ivory Snow in tepid water, and you have a perfect fabric-bath, wonderfully, gently cleansing—and without a trace of unmelted soap to cling to your downy woolens, your tinted silks, your lustrous rayons.

Since you'll be using it on silks as delicate as chiffon and for dainty colors, you'll be very glad that Ivory Snow is so snowy-white. Just to look at it, you know that Ivory Snow is gentle—it's pure white and as delicate and soft as a cloud. And then, of course—it's Ivory Soap! A *big* box for 15¢.

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99 44/100% Pure